HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXI.—No. 1068.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1877. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1877, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

FLETCHER HARPER.

THE death of FLETCHER HARPER, on the morning of the 29th of May, at his residence in this city, has removed from the scene of a long and honorable career the last and youngest of the four men who founded the house of HARPER & BROTHERS. JAMES HARPER, the eldest of the four, died March 27, 1869; JOSEPH WESLEY HARPER, the third in order of age, February 14, 1870; JOHN HARPER, April 22, 1875. In less than ten years from the first break in the circle of brotherhood the four are reunited in that land where partings are unknown.

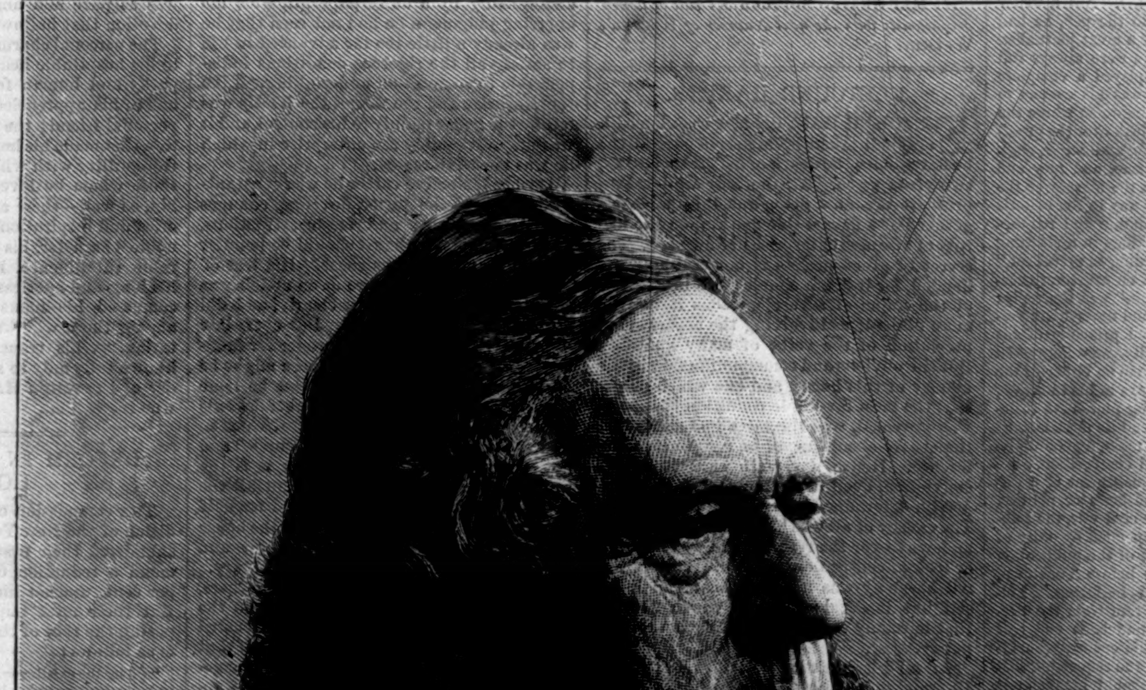
The lives of the HARPER brothers were so intimately associated during so many years that it is impossible to write of one without bringing in the other three, although each possessed strongly marked individual character, and an independence which was subordinated only to the law of fraternal good-will and affection. The family is of English and Dutch descent. The grandfather of the four brothers, JAMES HARPER, came to this country from England about the middle of the last century. He settled as a school-master, and married at Newtown, Long Island, and lived there for some years before removing to New York. It was at Newtown that the first Methodist church on Long Island was established. JAMES HARPER was a member of it. After removing to New York, he kept for many years a grocery store in Maiden Lane, near the market and ferry, and at the time his grandson JAMES was born was carrying on what was then considered a very large business.

JOSEPH, his eldest son, was born in 1766, and grew up a kind of universal genius—a character frequently to be met with in newly settled communities. He was a house-carpenter by trade, but as business was not very brisk, he also managed to cultivate a small farm, and to eke out his rather scanty resources with the profits of a retail store, kept, for the convenience of his neighbors, in one room of his house. In his absence it was tended by his wife. The old homestead, with some alterations, is still standing at Middle Village, Long Island. The farm now forms a part of the Lutheran Cemetery in that town.

Although the carpenter's trade did not bring JOSEPH HARPER a fortune, it helped him incidentally to an excellent wife. While employed in building a house for a well-to-do Dutch farmer of the vicinage, the young man fell in love with his employer's daughter, a comely young damsel. Her father, a sturdy Lutheran, objected to the match on religious grounds, there being a strong prejudice against Methodism among the Dutch burghers of that time. But love prevailed over all obstacles; the father at length yielded, and on the 9th of April, 1792, ELIZABETH KOLYER became Mrs. JOSEPH HARPER. Very soon after her marriage she became a member of the Methodist communion, and to the day of her death continued to exemplify the sweetness and the beauty of a pure, simple, and devout Christian character.

Happily for her household, and especially for her children, she possessed a cheerful and buoyant temperament. Her religious experience never assumed a severe or ascetic form. Love was the law of her life, in the household, in society, and in the church. From this estimable woman her children inherited many of the traits of character which endeared them to all who came in contact with them. Six children were the fruit of this marriage, of whom JAMES, JOHN, JOSEPH WESLEY, and FLETCHER grew up to man's estate. The other two, a daughter and a son, died in infancy. The four brothers grew up together at home, and, as we have already said, they were so inseparable in life that the biography of one is in a great measure that of them all, as well as the story of the business which they founded and carried on through so many years.

The first of the four to quit the paternal roof was JAMES. At the age of sixteen, with his father's cordial consent, he chose the printer's trade, and coming to New York, was apprenticed to Messrs. PAUL & THOMAS, whose place of business was at the corner of Burling Slip and Water Street. His next brother, JOHN, soon followed him, and was apprenticed to a printer by the name of SEYMOUR. Both the brothers, being young men of great energy, capacity, courage, and possessing a noble ambition to excel in every thing to which they put their hands, soon became accomplished workmen. The elder brother was acknowledged to be the best and quickest pressman in town, at a time when steam had not yet been applied to machinery, while JOHN HARPER acquired the reputation of being an excellent compositor and accurate proof-reader. At an early age he developed that intuitive taste in typography which was so marked that as long as he remained in active life at the office a specimen page of every important book issued by HARPER & BROTHERS was always submitted to him for examination. To his practiced eye a single glance was sufficient to approve or condemn; and he never suggested an alteration that did not improve the appearance of the page. He was especially critical in the matter of title-pages. Every line must harmonize in character with the others, and not unfrequently such a page had to be altered a dozen times before it received his *imprimatur*.



FLETCHER HARPER.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KURTZ.]

As soon as JOHN was free of his apprenticeship, he and his brother JAMES went into business together on their own account, under the firm name of J. & J. HARPER. This was in 1817. Their shop was a dingy little room in Dover Street, in a building which has since given way to the march of improvement. Meanwhile, in 1816, JOSEPH WESLEY HARPER had come to New York, and he too followed the example of his brothers in the choice of a trade. Anxious for the welfare of his sons, the father at this time removed to New York, and the boys lived with him until they acquired homes of their own.

WESLEY HARPER became a member of the firm in 1823, and FLETCHER HARPER in 1825; but the business continued to be conducted under the name of J. & J. HARPER until the latter part of the year 1833, when the style was changed to that of HARPER & BROTHERS. They were brothers indeed. Their business was conducted on the basis of absolute trust and confidence in each other. There was no system of checks between them, and no necessity for one. There was entire equality in the firm, and there existed a tacit understanding that each brother had a sort of veto right in all its transactions. Nothing was ever undertaken which one of them disapproved. The establishment of the *Bazar* is a striking instance of this. The project was the idea of FLETCHER HARPER; the others were at first indifferent to it. At last he said he felt so sure of its success that, if the others were willing, he would undertake it alone. "No," said JOHN HARPER; "we have never done any thing separately. We won't make this an exception. I think brother FLETCHER shall have his way, and we will start the *Bazar*." Thus it happened, as a consequence of this spirit of mutual concession and perfect confidence in each other, that the firm was never divided. So close was the intimacy and so unbounded the common confidence, that for many years no accounts were kept between the brothers. Each one took what he needed for himself, and the others neither knew nor cared to know how much each one drew out for his own use. This state of affairs continued until within ten years of the death of JAMES HARPER.

There was, of course, a division of labor among the brothers; but it was one that grew naturally out of their individual tastes. JOHN HARPER made most of the purchases, and became the financial manager of the affairs of the firm. JAMES HAR-

PER superintended the mechanical operations, and every day, for years before his death, visited all the departments. WESLEY HARPER for a number of years read the proofs of all important works, and conducted with singular facility the correspondence of the firm; while FLETCHER HARPER, who, like his brothers, acted for some years as foreman of the composing-room, gradually grew into the charge of the literary departments. It was while he was foreman of the composing-room that the HARPERS brought out their edition of the Waverley Novels. The utmost expedition was required to get each novel into the market in advance of competitors. A trusty messenger would board the packet-ship for early copy before she had made fast to the wharf. Every compositor in the establishment was put upon the work, and all the presses were employed in printing it. In this way *Peveril of the Peak* was brought out in the short space of twenty-one hours. On one occasion FLETCHER HARPER remained in the composing-room for three consecutive days and nights, superintending the issue of one of these novels. The writer of this notice has frequently heard him refer to these early times with great enthusiasm, and say, with a tinge of regret in his voice, that there was no longer the excitement and "fun" in the book business that once spurred the publishers on to enterprise and competition.

The idea of the *Magazine* originated with JAMES HARPER. FLETCHER HARPER suggested both the *Weekly* and *Bazar*. He took a special interest in all the periodicals, and exercised a most careful and intelligent supervision over them, not alone in regard to their typographical appearance and mechanical make up, but also over all the literary and pictorial departments. Not a writer himself, and, indeed, averse to the pen, he had all the mental qualifications of a great journalist. His suggestions to the editors were always full of practical wisdom, and displayed a complete mastery of the occasion. It was his custom to go every day into the composing-room where the periodicals are "set up," and look over the proof-sheets of the *Magazine*, *Weekly*, and *Bazar*, chatting familiarly with the foreman, and now and then making a suggestion on the margin of the page, which quickly found its way to the editor's desk. He always disliked routine and red-tapism, and delighted in doing things in a startling manner. "That is not according to precedent," said one of his editors to him on a certain occasion. "Don't follow precedent," was the reply; "do what seems best to-day, and never mind yesterday." That was one grand principle of his management. His personality was impressed more strongly on the *Weekly* than on either of the other periodicals. It was always in his thoughts, and he was constantly devising new ways to increase its attractions and extend its influence.

Many of the elements that make a good diplomatist entered into his mental composition. He possessed rare skill in the management of a difficult situation, whether in business or politics. On one occasion, early in our civil war, the publication of the *Weekly* was suspended by order of Secretary STANTON, on account of the publication of some views of our works before Yorktown, which M'CLELLAN was then besieging. Following the order was a telegram from the Secretary, stating that the firm had been guilty of "giving aid and comfort to the enemy," (an offense punishable with death), and requesting that some member of the firm should immediately proceed to Washington—whether to suffer that extreme penalty being left in doubt. The mission devolved upon FLETCHER HARPER. He found the Secretary of War in a very belligerent mood; but before five words had been exchanged, he contrived to put Mr. STANTON on the defensive on a matter wholly foreign to the object of his visit, and before leaving the War-office he secured the revocation of the order of suspension, and received the Secretary's thanks for the support which the *Weekly* was rendering the country and the government.

Like his brothers, FLETCHER HARPER won the confidence and affection of all the employés of the firm. Less familiar with them than his brother JAMES, he always treated them as men and women, and no one was ever afraid to go to him for advice or aid in time of trouble. His greeting was always hearty and genial, his sympathy quick and kindly. Many a man and woman who has seen him go in and out for years and years feels a genuine and abiding sorrow at the thought that they shall see his kindly face no more.

Although never holding office, and always keeping aloof from public life, FLETCHER HARPER exerted through the *Weekly* a strong and wide-spread influence upon American politics. He was a Republican from thorough conviction, and the support which he gave that party was based on the highest motives of patriotism. At the same time he was free from personal animosity toward those whom he regarded as in the wrong, and counted among his friends some who had been honestly zealous in the cause of the South.

Like his brothers, FLETCHER HARPER was a life-long and consistent member of the Methodist denomination, but took no active part in the affairs of the Church. At the time of his death he was a member of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, where the funeral took place on the morning of Thursday, May 31.

FLETCHER HARPER shared with his brothers the happy faculty of leaving business behind him when he left the office. At home he was invariably genial, and loved to exercise a generous hospitality. Time dealt gently with him, and the burden of increasing years sat lightly upon him. He was seventy-one years of age on the 31st of last January, but till within a year not a trace of failing strength was perceptible. His carriage was erect, his step elastic and firm, his voice clear and ringing, his eye bright and sparkling, and his judgment as quick and commanding as ever. Those who saw him daily used to say that he had many years of activity still before him. Even the long illness to which he has at last fallen a victim failed to break his courage, and to within a few hours of his death he retained full possession of his faculties. He died peacefully and in the faith in which he had lived, leaving his blessing on children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, gently tended and soothed by the wife with whom he had lived fifty-two years, and surrounded by all the other members of his family. His memory will be affectionately cherished by all who knew him, and the influence of his life will survive for generations in the enterprises on which his personality was so strongly impressed.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR POSTAGE FREE.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, or HARPER'S BAZAR will be sent for one year to any Subscriber in the United States, POSTAGE PREPAID by the Publishers, on receipt of Four Dollars.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1877.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains two pictures relating to the war in the East, and a page of Hudson Bay sketches.*

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

FLETCHER HARPER.

FLETCHER HARPER had been long ill, and had taken little active part in the business since the death of his brother JOHN, two years since. All the four well-known brothers are now gone, but they have together left a memorable mark upon the history of business enterprise in New York. The secret of great success is not easily apprehended, for it is not simple; and in the case of the union of several persons it is even more difficult, as involving the accurate appreciation of the value of many qualities. But one obvious and commanding fact in the history of this house, and one which shows that the most favorable condition of success was provided, was the tacit understanding that there should never be any serious difference. Hence a certain earnestness of conviction, even if not supported by a majority, determined the policy of the house. The energy of all was unreservedly engaged, and, whatever the result, there was no word or look of censure or triumph. This fraternal harmony was not only beautiful in itself, but it secured results which showed that harmony as well as honesty is the best policy.

In all his business relations FLETCHER HARPER showed the quality of a great administrator. He was a man of the truest modesty, and gayly said that he was a "passable" man of business; but he would have been distinguished in any chief public trust demanding immense energy, sagacity, quick and unerring judgment, and easy and efficient mastery of men. He had the instinct of a leader. He knew at once what was to be done and how it was to be done, and his shrewd estimate of men enabled him to choose his instruments. It was said of a great general in the field that he seemed to be the least occupied man there. His own part was apparently but to issue an order here and there. But his brain moved the whole. The army was merely his hand. FLETCHER HARPER was always quiet, and appeared always to be at leisure; but his electrical energy, his controlling will, made him seem, for all that, the organizing force of the huge factory that swarmed and hummed around him. The great machine was in perfect running order, all its parts in play, but his incisive individuality, his invincible will, made him apparently the driving-wheel. Like all such masterful men, he abhorred ruts and routine, and was constantly and quietly testing the readiness and intelligence of those around him. He dropped a pregnant hint. The hearer saw the scope and purpose, made thorough and ample preparation, supposing the thing was to be done. Mr. HARPER came, saw with satisfaction that a hint could be correctly taken, but announced that the thing would not be done. What he wanted was the habit and faculty of readiness, and thus he surrounded himself with minute-men. He kept every body on the alert. There was no droning or dozing in his camp.

Yet all this was wholly without harshness or sharpness. He had only the severity of thoroughness. His manner and tone toward every one employed in the business were always kindly and thoughtful and courteous, and the regard for him of those who were brought most closely in contact with him was affectionate and true. He was the most simple and manly of men in his friendly intercourse, his conversation touching every topic with a gay and sometimes half-grim humor. As NAPOLEON was said to have the power, when he was inconveniently pressed in an interview, of discharging his face of all expression, FLETCHER HARPER had a shrewd way, when he was suddenly flanked in a colloquy by a moral suggestion, of saying, "Of course, if you come to metaphysics, I can't follow you." With his hearty, generous nature, he had the Homeric joy of battle. He "enjoyed an honest fight" within all honorable limitations. He was unswervingly faithful to his friends and his convictions, his first question about a man being, "Is he honest?" and about conduct, "Is it right?" and about an assertion, "Is it true?"

Mr. HARPER had those other characteristic qualities of a master-mind—patience and reticence. He could wait and he could keep silence. He did not pull up his plants to see if they were growing, nor stop his watch to find if it was in order. His sagacity assured him that the laws of nature and of mechanics could be implicitly trusted. Consequently, when he confided great responsibility, he did not interfere with its exercise. He made no trust without due discretion and deliberation, but when made, it was complete and conclusive. This was conspicuously shown in his relation to this paper. It was essentially his enterprise; and some time after its thoroughly successful establishment it would have been followed undoubtedly by a daily paper, if, with his unerring judgment, he had not seen that he was already a little too far advanced in life to satisfy all the rigorous conditions indispensable to so great an undertaking. Like the *Magazine* and the *Bazar*, the *Weekly* was left by the house mainly to his control, and it was unquestionably the enterprise in which he was most interested.

During his active career he was constantly mindful of the paper, devising changes and improvements and fresh attractions, anxious, above all, that it should be popular in a high and generous sense. His test of the excellence of a picture or an article was that it told its own story clearly, and did not require to be explained. But every line in print or picture must be proper for family reading and inspection. There might be questions of taste, but there must be none of morals. There must be no doubtful words or allusions, no double meanings. He had in view "the people," "the plain people," and not philosophers and poets; and it is the praise of the house of HARPER that all the books and periodicals it has issued for half a century constitute together what the house felicitously called one of its earliest and most famous series, a true Family Library.

Sharing the good sense of his brothers, which left the general management of the paper to FLETCHER because they trusted him, he in turn having satisfied himself that he also could trust the editorial management where he had placed it, trusted it absolutely. It is one of the most gratifying recollections of the writer of these lines that during his long and intimate editorial association with FLETCHER HARPER upon this paper, their intercourse was perfectly sincere and affectionate and satisfactory. Nor in all those many years, with all their differences of opinion, was there ever upon Mr. HARPER'S part the least petulance or dictation. If the editorial tone of the paper showed a differing judgment from his own as to men or measures, he was carefully silent until the occasion was passed, nor by hint or innuendo did he attempt coercion. It was because he understood instinctively the indispensable condition of such a relation. Its success was impossible without perfect freedom, and there could not be perfect freedom if there were authoritative interference. Yet, in the nature of the case, any interference must seem to be authoritative, and therefore the editorial course was left untrammeled even by suggestions. He felt that the unreserved independence and firmness of tone which he knew to be essential to the character of the paper as he desired it to be would be injuriously affected by a conflict of wills. If it was necessary to supervise, it was necessary to separate.

Mr. HARPER never proposed that any man or project should be blamed or praised, supported or defended. When he was quite sure that he could speak in entire friendly confidence, and without suspicion of an intention to influence what should be publicly said, he spoke unreservedly and forcibly. But where he trusted, he conceded and demanded absolute independence, for he knew the secret of a real responsibility. Thus it happened that the *Weekly* sometimes expressed opinions with which he did not concur, while, of course, there was entire harmony of principle and purpose. During the political discussions of the last two years, Mr. HARPER has been entirely withdrawn from business; but he followed with much of the old interest, although wholly as a spectator, the movement of public affairs and the course of the *Weekly*.

More a man of the world than ABRAHAM LINCOLN, and with none of his personal peculiarities, he was as essentially a representative American. His common-sense, courage, conviction, untiring energy, patience, tenderness, modesty, good humor, fidelity, and strong affections were typical of the qualities that have conquered this continent and filled it with a prosperous nation. These qualities, however, had their shadows in him, and he had doubtless the faults of a sturdy and masterful nature. But the least intimation that he had asserted himself too strongly instantly melted his generous soul into an acknowledgment none the less complete because eccentric in expression. His patriotism was of so antique a cast as to be almost passionate and romantic. Originally a Democrat, and maintaining wide business and friendly relations in the Southern States, the moment that he saw the Democratic party identified with disunion, he became an earnest and uncompromising Republican, feeling that the Republican was the truly national party. He was naturally a radical Republican, because in a civil war there are but two extremes, and because in every contest in which he engaged, he took part with his whole heart. "When you fight, fight!" was his maxim, and from the hour of the attack on Fort Sumter to the last moment of his conscious interest in life, his fidelity to what he believed to be the cause of his country and of justice never faltered, and was as pure and unselfish as the patriotic devotion that hallows Thermopylæ.

The personal charm which drew his friends to his hospitable heart; the fineness of sympathy and human feeling which lifted his hat to his apprentices, and made him their personal friend; the tender, domestic affection that made his home so happy; the sweet tranquillity with which he bade farewell to those whom he loved best, and who loved him so well—these are sacred private memories and inspirations. But his strong and noble character, his large grasp, his admirable intelligence, his remarkable power, his long and spotless and successful career, commend his name to honorable regard among those who knew him only by reputation, as his transcendent manly worth, known fully only to a few, endears the memory of FLETCHER HARPER forever to those who loved him.

REFORM IN THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

THE commission of inquiry into the condition of the New York Custom-house have submitted their first report. They recommend a reduction of the force by twenty per cent., and an increase of working time. But their most important suggestion, exposing the root of the thing to be reformed, is as follows:

"Under the existing system the incumbents of office in the customs service, however high, responsible, or difficult may be the duties, requiring often the skill and experience of experts, are appointed generally at the request of politicians and political associations in this and other States, with little or no examination into the fitness of the appointees beyond the recommendations of their friends. The commission, in response to the questions of the department, pronounce this manner of appointment to be unsound in principle, dangerous in practice, demoralizing in its influence on all connected with the customs service, and calculated to encourage and perpetuate official ignorance, inefficiency, and corruption, which, perverting the powers of the government to personal and party ends, have burdened the country with debt and taxes, and assisted to prostrate the trade and industry of the nation. The commission believe that there can be no adequate protection in customs service for the honor of the government, the rights of importers, and the interests of the nation until the service is freed from the control of party, and organized on a strictly business basis, with the same guarantees for efficiency and fidelity in the selection of the chief and subordinate officers that would be required by a prudent merchant."

Civil service reform consists in a thorough change of the system which the commission here describes. The report was referred to the President by Secretary SHERMAN, as involving questions of the general policy of the Administration. The President's reply is in perfect accord with the recommendations and with the views of the commission. He says:

"I have read the partial report of the commission appointed to examine the New York Custom-house. I concur with the commission in their recommendations. It is my wish that the collection of the revenues should be free from partisan control, and organized on a strictly business basis, with the same guarantees for efficiency and fidelity in the selection of the chief and subordinate officers that would be required by a prudent merchant. Party leaders should have no more influence in appointments than other equally respectable citizens. No assessments for political purposes on officers or subordinates should be allowed; no useless officer or employé should be retained; no officer should be required or permitted to take part in the management of political organizations, caucuses, conventions, or election campaigns. Their right to vote and to express their views on public questions, either orally or through the press, is not denied, provided it does not interfere with the discharge of their official duties."

This is an unmistakable expression of the President's wise and fixed purpose. He says distinctly that he wishes the collection of the revenue to be free from partisan control. That is the vital point. The whole question is just there. There is no essen-

tial reform if that is not accomplished. There may be improvement and economy, but there will be no relief from the real evil of the present civil service system. That evil is not so much extravagance and inefficiency as it is the system which causes the extravagance and inefficiency, and which is full of danger to the government and to public morals.

The President having plainly stated to the Secretary his desires, the Secretary has undertaken to carry them out in a letter to Collector Arthur. But in this letter he fails to lay stress upon the important point. He orders the hours of work to be increased, and he instructs the Collector to reduce the force twenty per cent. in the way that the shall think best. But he seems to us to misinterpret the President's most vital desire. "It is my wish," says the President, "that the collection of the revenues should be free from partisan control, and organized on a strictly business basis." That is to say, party sympathies have properly nothing to do with appointments in the Custom-house. Secretary Sherman fairly repeats this assertion, yet immediately follows it with the remarkable statement that they ought to have a great deal to do with such appointments. His words are:

"Naturally, in a government like ours, other things being equal, those will be preferred who sympathize with the party in power; but persons in office ought not to be expected to serve their party to the neglect of official duty, or to promote the interests of particular candidates, or to interfere with the free course of popular opinion, or to run caucuses or conventions."

Secretary Sherman is an astute politician. Does he suppose if sympathy with the party in power is to decide between equal applicants, that it will not be, as it is now, the real qualification, or that officers so appointed will not run caucuses and conventions to keep themselves in place, precisely as they do now? All experience proves that if partisan considerations are to be permitted, they will inevitably supersede and control all others.

Moreover, the reduction of the number of officers and the prosecution of a non-partisan reform is intrusted to the present Collector, who, however honorable a man and good an officer, is himself the creation of the old system, has faithfully followed its behests, and undoubtedly most honestly believes in it. A thorough and radical change in the system can not possibly be expected from him. Even with the sincerest desire to carry out the President's wishes, it is not to be expected that he should be able to free himself from his own convictions and long habit and the commanding traditions of the service. This, indeed, becomes absolutely impossible when his immediate superior, under whose explicit instructions he acts, officially says to him that of course his own partisans will be preferred in appointments. The precise fact is that the Collector, Surveyor, Naval Officer, and Appraiser, the four chiefs of the New York Custom-house, with the exception of the Surveyor, who was appointed as a personal friend of President Grant, and who has proved his capacity as a party engineer, owe their places to their ability and experience as party managers. They are all gentlemen who are personally above suspicion. But they have not changed their opinions because they are not the opinions of the President, and so long as they are in a position to recommend appointments, and are instructed by the appointing power that members of their own party will be preferred, they will nominate members of their own party, ascertaining, as they are supposed and required to do now, that they are fit, and the Custom-house, with a force reduced by twenty per cent., and hours increased from nine A.M. until four P.M., will continue to be run as a political machine. We should not be surprised if the clerks in the Custom-house who have ventured to speak plainly of existing abuses and a desirable change of methods should be among those who are included in the reduction, and it would be impossible to feel that the reductions were made wholly without reference to the considerations which the President desires to exclude from the service.

The President naturally and properly wishes to move gradually in so great a change, and to do nothing which should even seem to reflect unjustly upon honorable men. The chief officers of the Custom-house are not responsible for the system under which they were appointed and have administered their offices. It would be grossly wrong to supersede them in any manner which did not disclose plainly the reason of the change. There is no reason whatever to doubt that the President means exactly what he says. His purpose, therefore, requires the removal of the present chiefs, and the substitution of those who are known to be as earnestly in favor of a new system as they are of the old. Such a change, however, does not mean replacing one set of political managers with another. Civil service reform does not demand, as so many seem to suppose, that Mr. Conkling's friends shall be put out, and the friends of Mr. Fenton or of some other politician put in. There is not a person whom we have seen publicly named as a successor to any of the present incumbents at the Custom-house who is not urged on political grounds, or who would probably administer his office on any other than the present principles. If, on the one hand, the heads of the Custom-house are to be politicians who will use the patronage for the benefit of a party or a leader, there is no reason whatever for displacing the present chiefs. If, on the other, the Custom-house is to be run on business principles, there is no reason whatever for appointing any of the gentlemen who have been named as their successors. Real reform seems to us to demand the appointment as Collector of a man of high standing, character, sagacity, and experience, familiar with men and affairs, of profound conviction that reform is both indispensable and practicable, of unquailing courage and vigorous health, who would weed out incapacity and exclude influence, appointing only those who were proved to be fit by methods which favor could not control. Such a Collector, supported by a Surveyor and Appraiser and—until the Naval Office be abolished—a Naval Officer of the same mind, and all of them sure of the hearty and intelligent support of the President, would begin to destroy one of the most monstrous and threatening evils with which the country has to deal.

A SLANDER PROMPTLY EXPOSED.

General Butler recently wrote a letter to Marshal Pitkin, of Louisiana, in which he spoke of Wayne M'Veagh as making corrupt bargains when he was in New Orleans on the Louisiana Commission. Of course no one who knows Mr. M'Veagh believed the general, and those who know the general are not accustomed to believe any thing that he says of an opponent. The present offense, however, was grosser than usual, and Mr. M'Veagh lost no time in taking his calumniator in hand and dispatching him with amusing brevity and thoroughness. The general warily states that he was "informed" of the bargains and briberies of Mr. M'Veagh, whose reply we quote as a fine illustration of a short and conclusive method with common slanderers:

"Your informant happens to have told you the exact opposite of the truth in every statement respecting me. Colonel Wharton did not aid me at New Orleans, but was one of the adherents of the Packard government to the end. He did not manage or transact any kind of business for me; he did not receive any promise from me in respect to any office. I have not asked the President to appoint him marshal. So much for that portion of your letter. Where I am known I do not need to deny the silly story about the use of money, or to declare it to be, as you well know it to be, a base and cowardly falsehood. For those who do not know me, perhaps I ought to add that, apart from any repugnance on my part to the crime, there were two practical difficulties in the way of my committing it. I had no money of my own to spare, and it is only a military commandant of New Orleans in time of war who can safely appropriate any considerable quantity of the property of others to his own use. The fact is that the enemies of reconciliation in Louisiana wasted their time in trying to discover or invent some kind of bargain with which at once to account for its success and to discredit it. Strange as it may seem to some of them, political results are still attainable in this country by straightforward and honest methods; and the country will judge the result we secured by its fruits in comparison with the fruits of the opposite policy, comparing the four years to come of honest and lawful government with the eight years just ended of hatred, intimidation, outrage, corruption, anarchy, and murder. Therefore, from the bitterness of good men misguided and of bad men disappointed, I appeal to the generous judgment of the American people, and I await their decision upon the subject of our labors in Louisiana, not with misgiving or excuses, but with confidence and pride.

"Yours truly, Wayne M'Veagh."

PERSONAL.

The late Mr. Donald Ross, of Montreal, has bequeathed to the Trafalgar Institute of that city nearly $500,000.

—In the memorial address of the Rev. Dr. Washburn on the late Dr. Muhlenberg, he mentions that the good doctor was not only the author of "I would not live alway," but also of "Like Noah's weary dove," "Shout the glad tidings," and "Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding."

—Mr. John B. Trevor, an affluent banker of this city, and a gentleman whose many liberal benefactions are widely and pleasantly remembered, has given $25,000 to be divided equally between the Rochester University and the Rochester Theological Seminary. He had heretofore at various times given $55,000 to the university and a large sum to the seminary.

—The bill appropriating $50,000 to finish the monument to Stephen A. Douglas has passed the Legislature of Illinois.

—An elderly gentleman of Kentucky recently, during a visit to Washington, called on his old friend the Secretary of the Navy, to whom he thus alludes in a pleasant letter to the Louisville *Courier-Journal*: "On leaving the State Department I could not refrain from calling on the Secretary of the Navy, R. W. Thompson. It so happened that he is an old acquaintance of mine. We were in the army together many long years ago. He was a gentleman then, and he is a gentleman now; he could not be any thing else if he were to try. We talked over many things that occurred when our old hats were new, and he told me a little bit of his private history that he will be surprised to find in print; but it is quite too good to be lost. He said that in 1831 he rowed his little bark into Bedford, Indiana. The town, like himself, was a new beginner, and this resemblance caused him to cast anchor. He was a stranger in a strange neck of the woods, moneyless, but not hopeless. His self-reliance assured him that something good was bound to turn up, and sure enough it did. He soon obtained the position of salesman in a dry-goods store. There he wielded the yard-stick for a series of years, and while he advanced the pecuniary interests of his boss, he made himself, by his intelligence and genial manners, the most popular man in the county. The farmers took it into their heads that he was born to make laws, and out they brought him as a candidate for the Legislature."

—Colonel Voutier, the discoverer of the Venus of Milo, died recently at Hyeres. When a midshipman in the French navy, in 1821, he landed on the island of Milo to search for antiquities, and noticed a peasant digging for stones in the ruins of an old chapel. The peasant had unearthed part of a statue in a very bad state of preservation, and, as it was useless to him, was beginning to cover it up again; but M. Voutier at once saw the value of the discovery, and bribed the man to excavate the figure completely.

—Colonel Wickham Hoffman, in his *Camp, Court, and Siege*, recently published by Harper & Brothers, tells this anecdote of Mr. Charles Francis Adams and Lord Palmerston. It was not often that any one got the better of old "Pam," but Mr. Adams did. When General Butler's order in reference to certain women in New Orleans reached England, Lord Palmerston was the head of the government; Lord John Russell was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Lord Palmerston wrote to Mr. Adams to know if the order as printed in the London journals was authentic. Mr. Adams asked if he inquired officially or privately. Lord Palmerston replied rather evasively. Mr. Adams insisted. Lord Palmerston answered that if Mr. Adams must know, he begged him to understand that he inquired officially. Mr. Adams had the correspondence carefully copied in Moran's best handwriting, and inclosed it to Lord John, with a note inquiring who was her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs—was it Lord Palmerston or Lord John? A quick reply came from Lord John, asking him to do nothing further in the matter till he heard from him again. The next day a note was received from Lord Palmerston withdrawing the correspondence.

—It is stated in the *Freeman*, published at Rondout, Ulster County, New York, that the Rev. Mr. Beecher, a brother of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, lives, with his wife, in a wild place back in the town of Hardenberg, in that county, where he settled on a mile square of land. He is doing a great deal of good among the rugged people who inhabit that country. He travels around from place to place with his horses and saddle-bags, and preaches regularly on Sundays. He is a plain, unvarnished talker. Mr. Beecher's wife teaches school. She taught two years, and then had to give it up for a while. During that time she received seventy-five dollars of the State school fund, and expended in books and clothing for the children eighty dollars, thus giving her labor and five dollars besides. The tract of land owned by Mr. Beecher contains one of the most beautiful lakes in the town of Hardenberg. It nestles in an amphitheatre of hills, with no known inlet, and trout abound in its water in such numbers that Mr. Beecher only fishes from sundown until dark, in that time catching often fifty or sixty fish. The house in which this couple live was built by the reverend gentleman himself. It is a very good house, considering that a minister unacquainted with carpenter's tools built it. Here he has books, but besides these has little current literature to read, and lives, as it were, away from the world.

—The memoir of the late Mr. Cobden, now in course of preparation by the Misses Cobden, assisted by Sir Louis Mallet and Mr. Caird, promises to be one of the most interesting books of the season. Mr. Cobden was one of the most voluminous letter-writers of the day. At breakfast he looked through his letters, fished out those that came from particular friends, read them at the breakfast table, and chatted about them. Then he went for an hour's stroll in the garden. Coming in, he saw visitors, had a little lunch, and sat down to answer his letters—a task that generally took him until four o'clock in the afternoon. This was his regular practice all through the recess. His letters were all characteristic; even the most humble of his correspondents received an anecdote or an illustration of the sagacious observation or political point. His extensive travels afforded him plenty of material for this. He had met the principal men in France, Germany, Russia, and America, and knew something about every one of them.

—Father Hyacinthe's first lecture in Paris was attended by 4000 persons, who listened attentively to his discourse on "Respect for Truth; or, the Right of Private Judgment." He spoke in behalf of Catholicism, but against popery; of the abolition of the forced celibacy of the priesthood, of the dissemination of the Scriptures, and the celebration of divine service in the vernacular tongues. Toward science he is very tolerant, and though not accepting Darwinism as proven, would as soon be descended from a monkey as from clay.

—Mr. Frank Stringfellow, the Confederate General J. E. B. Stuart's favorite scout, has become a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

—Queen Victoria has commanded that the Albert Medal, hitherto only bestowed for gallantry in saving life at sea, shall be extended to similar actions on land, and that the first medals struck for the purpose shall be conferred on the heroic rescuers of the Welsh miners.

—An interesting incident is told of the late Professor Tayler Lewis. Until a week before his death he dictated to his daughter. In the course of this work he once stopped and remarked: "Ruskin has written much about the beauties of nature, but he has never seen any thing so beautiful as my dear old wife and devoted daughter tending night and day to all my wants."

—Major Thomas G. Jones, of Alabama, once a Confederate soldier, and who made a manly memorial speech at Montgomery in 1874, and another at a Washington dinner, is to receive a medal from a number of Federal soldiers. Among the inscriptions on the medal will be this one: "God knows who was right," which is an inscription on a tomb in Virginia over the grave of two brothers who were killed fighting in the opposing armies of the late war.

—Mr. Corcoran lives in the house which Mr. Webster occupied while negotiating the treaty with Lord Ashburton, and it was there that the Rev. Dr. Hawley announced that he was "*sorry* to inform you that President Harrison has gone to heaven." Mr. Corcoran was so pleased with Mr. Webster's March speech that he paid a note for $10,000 which had been discounted at his bank.

—There appeared recently in the obituary columns of the Philadelphia *Ledger* notices of the deaths of ten persons—five men and five women—who had lived to or beyond the advanced age of eighty years, to wit: Charles Heera, 80; Margaret Murray, 80; Daniel R. Erdmann, 83; Elizabeth M. Glover, 83; William Jones, 84; Elizabeth Erwen, 85; Robert Mansfield, 85; Rachel Walker, 86; Daniel M'Cartney, 94; and Juliann Reese, 103.

—Mr. Jennings, in one of his recent letters to the New York *World*, mentions having attended a breakfast given to a number of celebrities, a few days ago, by Lord Houghton. He says: "Among the guests who attracted my notice was a gentleman of the old school, with whom, I am sure, many of your readers would have been glad to have held a conversation. This was Baron Heath, who was Lord Byron's schoolfellow at Harrow, and who, being his junior, acted as his 'fag.' He told me that Lord Byron wore a boot at that time on his withered foot in which a plate of tin was inserted, in the hope that it would remedy the deformity, but that the foot ceased to grow at an early period of his life, and simply shrunk up. It was not a 'club-foot,' as is commonly supposed. The boot was laced up in the middle. 'I remember it very well,' said Baron Heath, with a smile, 'and for a very good reason—I have often had to clean those same boots.' The persons still living who remember Lord Byron as a boy must be very few in number; and Baron Heath is a charming example of the survivors of a fast vanishing generation, for his manners and conversation were formed at a period when courtesy was as much studied in social intercourse as rudeness appears to be at the present day, and when men, as Dr. Johnson said, 'fairly put their minds to yours.' The baron told me that he was born in 1790, and that he had lived nearly all his life in London, which he still maintains is one of the healthiest places in the world. I will bear the same testimony to it if I reach his age."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The investigating commission have advised longer hours of work and a reduction of twenty per cent. in the force at the custom-house. The President and Secretary Sherman having approved the recommendations, the changes were ordered to be made.

The Pacific Mail steamer *San Francisco*, on the 16th ult., when five days out from Panama, struck on an unknown rock, and was lost. Fortunately no lives were lost. Her cargo, consisting of silks, velvets, laces, etc., was valued at $750,000.

Governor Cullom, of Illinois, on the 30th ult., vetoed the bill to make silver coin the legal tender of that State.

The public debt of the United States was reduced in May $6,981,000. The total reduction since July 1, 1876, was $36,000,000.

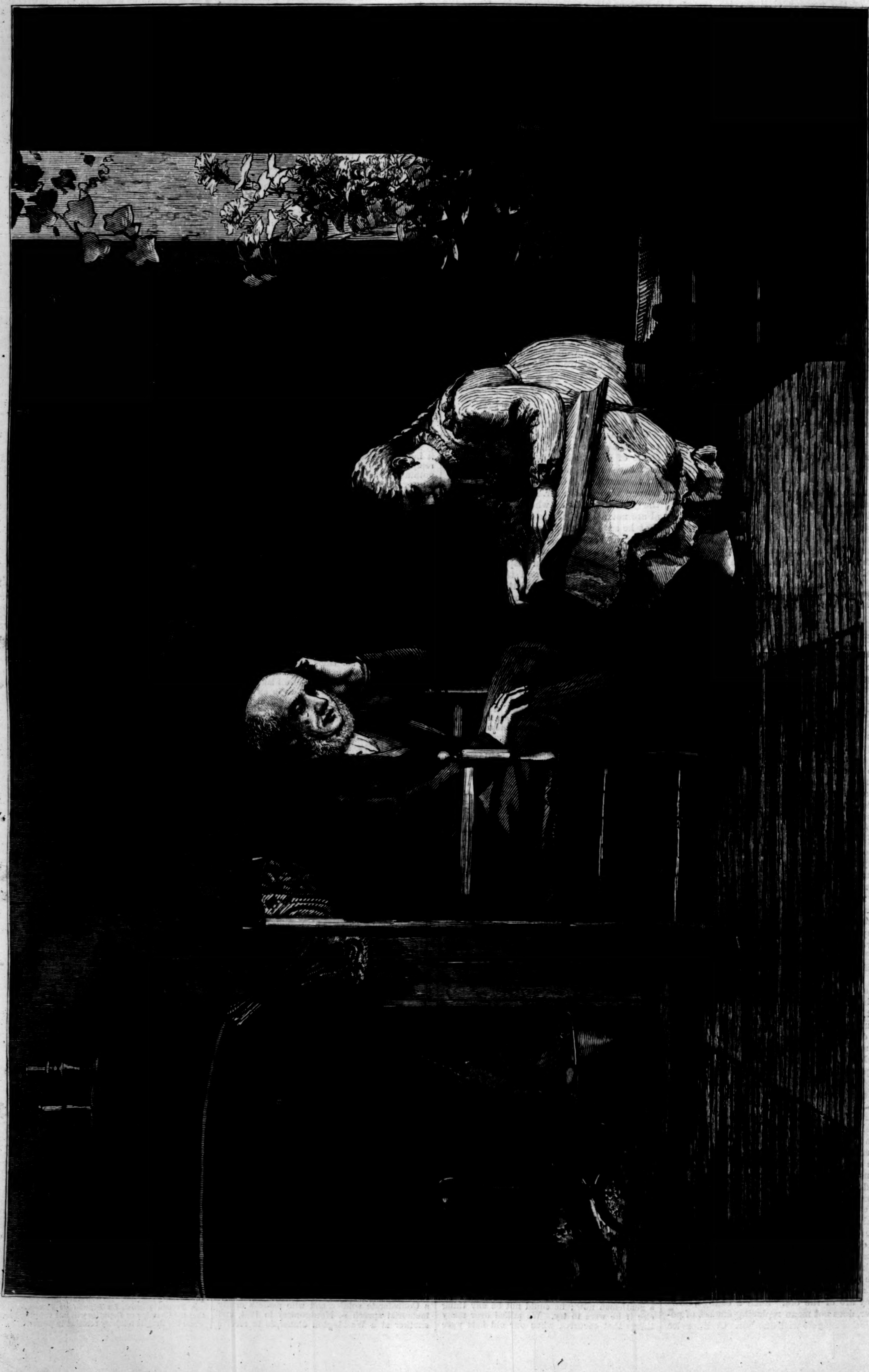
FOREIGN NEWS.

The Eastern War: A dispatch from the Army of the Caucasus, May 27, says that General Melikoff, with eight battalions and some artillery, and General Dewell, with seven battalions, have left Ardaban to join the forces near Kars.—The Russian general Prince Tschelokoieff, who was wounded at Ardaban, is dead.—The Russians, May 26, blew up a large Turkish Monitor on the Danube. Russian officers conducted the torpedo to the Monitor in open daylight and under fire. One of the Russian boats was almost submerged by the explosion of the torpedo, and another was struck by shot.—A Constantinople dispatch says that "the Porte, in order to justify numerous arrests, has informed the diplomatic representatives that a conspiracy for the overthrow of the dynasty was discovered. This is untrue. The Porte's only object is the removal of the partisans of Midhat Pasha, who are openly agitating for his recall."—The Russians, on the 30th ult., attacked the Turkish positions at Batum. Notwithstanding the large force which they brought to the attack, and their persistency against the galling fire of the Ottoman artillery and infantry, they were finally repulsed, leaving great numbers of dead and wounded. A Russian official dispatch says: "On Monday, General Oklobshio, commanding the operations against Batum, ordered his advance-guard to the left bank of the river Kiutrisch to carry the Sameba Heights, on the left of the Turkish line. The enterprise was accomplished. Meantime a detachment ascended the Kiutrisch, and after great difficulty established a position about four miles from Khatzubani, thus cutting communication between Batum and the population of the Kabeleti district. The Russian loss in both enterprises was four killed and thirty wounded."—Thirteen trains filled with Circassian cavalry in the Russian service passed over the Moldavian railways in one day on their way back to Russia. Three squadrons will be disarmed. The Sheik-ul-Islam found means to let these troops know that a holy war had been declared. They since have shown great discontent, and many declared they would not fire on their co-religionists. A regiment will be sent to the Siberian garrisons.—The Turks claim to have recaptured Ardaban. The Russians deny it. A Berlin dispatch of May 31, however, says, "Advices received here from St. Petersburg represent that the Turks recovered Ardaban after the Russians had reduced it to ruins."—It is reported by way of Vienna that Mukhtar Pasha has been removed from command, on the ground that he had overstated the strength of the Turkish forces.—An official telegram from the Russian army of the Caucasus, 31st ult., says: "A more pacific feeling is noticeable among the population of the Kabeleti district (in front of Batum). The inhabitants are surrendering their arms to the Russian authorities. Heavy rains continue to impede operations. A column of troops from the army near Kars has been sent in a southwesterly direction to watch the movements of a Turkish force which has appeared at the Soghanlu Mountains."—The London *Times* correspondent reports that Prince Gortchakoff has submitted a programme to his master, which the latter has accepted. The complete neutrality of Servia is one of its chief points.

The Greek Chambers opened on the 28th ult. The opposition being very strong, the ministers were defeated in the Chamber of Deputies. They immediately resigned. A new ministry has been formed.

John Lothrop Motley, the American historian, died, on the 29th ult., of paralysis, at Kingston-Russell House, Dorsetshire, England. He was sixty-three years of age.

A French journal, *La République Français*, states that the Chamber of Deputies will not vote the budget while the Broglie ministry remains in power.



"READING THE BIBLE TO GRANDPAPA."—[Drawn from the Painting by E. W. Perry.]

SUNDAY SERVICE ON BOARD A PACIFIC MAIL STEAM-SHIP.—Drawn by Felix Regamey.—[See Page 462.]

SUNDAY SERVICE AT SEA.

Our engraving on page 461 is from a sketch made by our artist on board one of the Pacific Mail steam-ships that ply between San Francisco and the various ports of Japan. There is hardly a steam-ship on any ocean without a clergyman among her passengers, and he is generally invited to conduct service on Sundays, unless the captain chooses to do so himself, as is the case on the Cunard ships. As a rule, passengers are glad to attend, either from devotion or because the service is a welcome variation of the monotony of life at sea.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

AN OPEN VERDICT.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Taken at the Flood," "Dead Men's Shoes," "Joshua Haggard's Daughter," "Weavers and Weft," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

The Monday after that Sunday evening supper at the Vicarage dragged more heavily than any day Beatrix could remember—since that never-to-be-forgotten awful day when, a little child in a strange country, among wild, inaccessible mountains she was told of her mother's death. To-day she felt that a blow was impending, a stroke that must shatter the rosy chain that bound her to her bright new life. The strictness of Miss Scales's rule had been relaxed since Beatrix's eighteenth birthday. The lady was now rather companion and duenna than governess; but Miss Scales was conscientious, and did not care to take her salary without earning it, so she had urged upon Beatrix that a young lady of eighteen was in duty bound to go on improving her mind, and Beatrix had consented to two hours' daily reading, on a rigid system. English history one day, Roman another, Grecian another, Travels on the fourth day, Belles-lettres—represented by the dullest books in the English language—on the fifth, and French—as exemplified in an intensely proper novel—on the sixth. And all this reading was to be carefully done, with a good deal of reference to the best authorities—all obsolete, and improved upon by the newest lights to be obtained from the last discoveries, published a year or two before the battle of Waterloo. That her favorite authorities could be superseded was a possibility beyond Miss Scales's mental grasp. She had learned out of those books, and would continue to teach out of them to her dying day.

Upon this particular Monday the English historians hung somewhat heavily. Hume was dull, and Rassin furnished no improvement upon him.

"Really, Miss Scales dear," said Beatrix at last, with a stifled yawn, "I don't think I am appreciating Joan of Arc at all properly this morning. She was much too good a person to be yawned over like this; and if she really was burned at Rouen, and did not get out of that Beaufort's clutches and marry and leave a lot of children afterward—"

"Joan of Arc—married—with a lot of children! Beatrix, what are you dreaming of?" cried the scandalized Miss Scales, her little gray ringlets quivering with indignation.

"Mr. Dulcimer says she did, and that there are documents to prove it."

"Mr. Dulcimer is a horrid person to tell you such stories; and after this I shouldn't be at all surprised at his going over to Rome."

"Would you much mind my putting up the books, Miss Scales love?" asked Beatrix, in the coaxing way in which she was wont to address her duenna. "My mind isn't equal to grasping such heroism as Joan's to-day."

"You have been looking absent-minded all the morning, certainly."

"I do feel rather headachy."

"Then you'd better take a sedlitz powder; and be sure you put in the blue paper first—"

"No, thank you, dear, I'm really not ill. But I think a turn in the garden would do me good. I'll read ever so much to-morrow, if you'll let me."

"If I'll let you, Beatrix. When have *I* ever stood between you and the improvement of your mind? But I hope you won't get hold of Mr. Dulcimer's crotchets. Joan of Arc not burned at Rouen, indeed? What is the world coming to? And Bishop Whately has written a pamphlet to prove that there was no such person as Napoleon, though my father saw him, with his own eyes, on board the—"

Beatrix waited for no further permission to put the dingy old books back upon their shelves, and go out bare-headed into the autumnal garden. It was a good old garden at all times—a wide stretch of lawn following the wind of the river—a broad gravelled walk with moss-grown old stone vases at intervals, and a stone bench here and there. Flowers in profusion, but of the old-fashioned sort—rare shrubs and trees—plane and tulip, and Spanish chestnut that had been growing for centuries. One grand cedar stretching wide his limbs over the close-shorn sward, a stone sun-dial with a blatantly false inscription to the effect that it recorded only happy hours; and for prospect, the Roman one-arched bridge, with the deep narrow river flowing swiftly under it—these in the foreground, and in the distance, across the river, the heterogeneous roofs, chimneys, and gables of Little Yafford, with the good old square church tower rising up in their midst, and behind this little settlement the purple moor sloping far up toward the calm gray sky.

It was a scene so familiar to Beatrix that she scarcely felt its great beauty, as she walked up and down the river terrace, thinking of Cyril and the interview that was to take place to-day. She was not hopeful as to the result of that interview. There were hard thoughts in her mind about her father.

"He has never given me his love," she said to herself. "Will he be cruel enough to take this love from me—this love that makes life a new thing?"

While Beatrix was pacing slowly to and fro along the quiet river-side walk, Cyril was coming down the sloping road to the Roman bridge, thinking of what he had to do. It was not a pleasant mission by any means. He was going to beard the lion in his den, to offer himself as a husband for the richest heiress in the neighborhood. He, Cyril Culverhouse, who had not a sixpence beyond his stipend, and who yet came of too good a family to be called an adventurer. He had never spoken to Mr. Harefield, and he was going to him to ask for his daughter's hand. The position was difficult; but Cyril did not shrink from facing it.

He went under the archway, into the grassy quadrangle, where the low stone-mullioned windows faced him with their dull blank look, as of windows out of which no one ever looked. There was a low door in a corner, studded with iron nails, and a bell that would have been loud enough for a means of communication with a house quarter of a mile away. This noisy bell clanged out unmercifully in the afternoon quiet.

"He will never forgive me for ringing such a bell as that," thought Cyril.

The staid old butler looked at him wonderingly when he asked if Mr. Harefield was at home. Visitors were rare at the Water House.

"He is at home," answered the butler, dubiously as to what he should say; "but he won't see you."

"Will you say that I wish to see him—upon particular business."

The butler led the way to the drawing-room without a word. He had heard Mr. Culverhouse preach at odd times, though himself a member of the Little Yafford Baptists, and had too much respect for his cloth to express his opinion as to the uselessness of this proceeding. He led the way to the drawing-room, and left Cyril there.

It was a pretty room, despite the gloom that had fallen upon it. A long old room, with oak paneling, a richly carved cornice, and a low ceiling, a few good Italian pictures, a tall pillared marble chimney-piece, broad Tudor windows looking toward the river, deep recesses filled with books, and chairs and sofas of the Louis Seize period, covered with Gobelins tapestry.

But there was no sign of occupation, no open piano, not a book out of its place, not a newspaper or pamphlet on the tables. Every thing was in perfect order, as in a house that is shown and not lived in.

This was the first time Cyril had been under the roof that sheltered Beatrix. He looked around him for some trace of her presence, but he saw no such trace. Did she inhabit this room? No; it was evidently a room in which no one lived.

He went to one of the windows and looked out. He could just see the lovely figure at the end of the river walk, bare-headed under the sunless sky—a figure full of grace and dignity to his eye, as it moved slowly along, the face turned toward the bridge.

"Poor child! she is watching for me, perhaps," he thought, with tender sadness—"waiting and fearing."

"My master will be pleased to see you, Sir," said the voice in the doorway, and Cyril turned to follow the butler.

He followed down a corridor that went the whole length of the house. The butler opened a deep-set oak door, thick enough for a jail, and gravely announced the visitor. It was a very solemn thing altogether, Cyril felt.

He found himself in a large low room lined from floor to ceiling with books on carved oak shelves. A brownness of time prevailed throughout the room. All that was not brown leather was oak.

Three low windows looked into a court-yard, a pile of logs smouldered on the wide stone hearth. Cyril had never entered a more gloomy room.

The master of the Water House stood before the hearth, ready to receive his visitor—a tall, powerfully built man, in a long cloth dressing-gown, like a monk's habit, which made him look taller than he really was. The hard, stern face would have done for one of Cromwell's Ironsides—the grizzled black hair worn somewhat long, the large nostrils, iron mouth and jaw, dark deep-set eyes, and heavily lined forehead were full of character, but it was character that was calculated to repel rather than to invite sympathy.

"You have asked to see me on particular business, Mr. Culverhouse," said Christian Harefield, with a wave of his hand which might or might not mean an invitation to be seated. He remained standing himself. "If it is any question of church restoration, Mr. Dulcimer ought to know that my check-book is at his command. I take no personal interest in these things, but I like to do what is right."

"It is no question of church restoration, Mr. Harefield."

"Some of your poor people burned out, or washed out, or down with fever, perhaps. I hear you are very active in good works. My purse is at your disposal. Pray do not scruple to make use of it. I do so little good myself that I am glad to practice a little vicarious benevolence."

He seated himself at a large oak table covered with books and papers, and opened his check-book.

"How much shall it be?" he asked, in a business-like tone.

Cyril was looking at him thoughtfully. There was something noble in that iron-gray head, surely—a grand intelligence at least, if not the highest type of moral good.

"Pardon me, Mr. Harefield," said the curate; "you are altogether mistaken in the purpose of my visit. I came to ask no favor for others. I am here as a suppliant for myself alone. I know and love your daughter, and I have her permission to tell you that she loves me, and only waits your approval to accept me as her future husband."

Christian Harefield started to his feet, and turned upon the suppliant.

"What! it has come already?" he cried. "I knew that it was inevitable, but I did not think it would come quite so soon. My daughter is not nineteen, I believe, and she is already a match for the first gentlemanly adventurer who crosses her path—"

"Mr. Harefield!"

"Mr. Culverhouse, *I* was married for my money. My daughter shall escape that misery if any power of mine can shield her from it. We will not bandy hard names. You profess to love her—a raw, uncultured girl whom you have known at most six months. I will give you credit for being sincere, if you like—for believing that you do love her—and I say that I am sorry your fancy should have taken so inopportune a direction. My daughter shall marry no man who is not so much her superior in wealth and position that I can feel very sure he takes her for her own sake."

"I expected something of this kind from you, Mr. Harefield."

"You can never know my justification for this line of conduct," replied Mr. Harefield. "I marked out this course for myself long ago, when my daughter was a child. I will spare her a deception that turned my life to gall. It will spare her disillusions that broke my heart. I am speaking openly to you, Mr. Culverhouse, more freely than I have spoken to any man; and remember, let all I have said or may say be sacred."

"It shall be so," answered Cyril. "You think you can protect your daughter from the possibility of a sorrow like that which has darkened your own life. But do you not think that Providence is stronger to guard and save than you can be, and that it might be wiser to let her obey the instinct of her own heart?"

"As I did," cried Christian Harefield, with a laugh. "Sir, Providence did not guard or save me. I was a man—of mature years—and thought I knew mankind by heart. Yet I walked blindfolded into the trap. Would you have me trust my daughter's instinct at eighteen, when my own reason at thirty could so betray me? No; I shall take my own course. If I can save a silly girl from a future of ruined hopes and broken dreams, I will so save her against her own will. I have never played the tender father; but perhaps in this my sternness may serve my daughter better than a more loving father's softness. If Beatrix marries without my approval, she will be a pauper."

"I would gladly so take her," cried Cyril, his face lighting up as if he saw an easy way out of all difficulties.

"And teach her to disobey her father—you, who read the commandments to her in church every other Sunday, would teach her to set one of them at naught?"

It was Cyril's own argument. He blushed as he heard it.

"Must you withhold your love because you withhold your money?" he asked. "You say that your own marriage was unhappy because you were a rich man. Let the weight of riches be lifted from your daughter's life. She does not value them, nor do I."

"What, a Culverhouse—the son of a spendthrift father—a parson, too! You can afford to despise riches?"

"Yes; because I look round me and see how rarely money can bring happiness. Perhaps there is not much real perfect happiness upon earth; but I am very sure that what little there is has never been bought with gold. Leave your estate away from your daughter—leave it where you please—devote it to some great work. Let me have your daughter without a sixpence—let me be your son—and if it is possible for affection to brighten your later life you shall not find it wanting."

"It is not possible," answered Harefield, coldly. "I never desired affection except from one source, and it was not given me. I can not open my heart again—its doors are sealed."

"Against your only child?"

"Against all flesh and blood."

"Then if you withhold your love from Beatrix, it would be only right and reasonable to withhold your fortune, and give her the love which may in some measure atone for the loss of yours."

"You must have a monstrous good opinion of yourself, Mr. Culverhouse, when you set your own value above that of one of the finest estates in this part of Yorkshire."

"I have no exalted opinion of my own value, but I have a very low estimate of the blessings of wealth. For such a woman as Beatrix a great estate can only be a burden. She has been brought up in solitude; she will never be a woman of the world. She does not value money."

"Because she has never had to do without it, and because she has seen very little of what it can do. Launch her in the world to-morrow, and in one year she will have learned the full value of wealth. No, Mr. Culverhouse, I can not accept your judgment in this matter. I can not receive your Utopian ideas as sober sense. If I have withheld any affection from my daughter, so much the more reason that I should give her the estate which, as my only child, she is entitled to inherit. And it shall be my business to obtain for her such an alliance as will place her husband above the suspicion of mercenary motives."

"And in arriving at this decision you put your daughter's feelings out of the question. You do not even take the trouble to make yourself acquainted with her sentiments."

"No. I trust to time. I regret that she should have been so soon exposed to a peril which I had not apprehended for her just yet. If I had I should have been more on my guard. I must request you, as a man of honor, to hold no further communications—either personally or by letter—with my daughter, and I shall be under the painful necessity of forbidding any more visiting to the Vicarage."

"You are asking too much, Mr. Harefield. No man with common-sense would submit to such an exaction as that. I will do more than most men in my position would be willing to do. Your daughter is young and impulsive, unversed in worldly knowledge. I will promise to wait for her till she is of age, and to hold no communication with her in the interval. Two years hence, if your wishes have conquered, I will submit to my fate. I will make no claim. But if she still thinks as she thinks to-day, I shall claim my right to address her on equal terms. But it is my duty to remind you that your daughter has some strength of will—that she is a creature of impulse—not easily to be dragooned into subservience to the ideas and plans of another, even though that be her father."

"I shall know how to govern her impulses, Sir, and to bring a stronger will than her own to bear upon her follies. I have no more to say, except that I rely upon your promise, and consider your acquaintance with my daughter at an end from this hour."

Cyril had hardly expected any thing better than this, yet the actual discomfiture was no less difficult to bear. To be told that he must see Beatrix no more, knowing as he did that the girl he loved returned his love with fullest measure, and was willing to fling every tie to the winds for his sake. And then her ties were at best so feeble. The father she was ready to defy for his sake was a father who had never loved her, who freely confessed his lack of affection for her. Not much, perhaps, to forfeit such a father's favor for the sake of a lover who loved her with all the strength of his strong nature.

Cyril could not bring himself to say, "Disobey your father, fling fortune to the winds, and be my wife." Duty forbade him, and consideration for Beatrix was on the side of duty. The day might come when she would upbraid him with the loss of her father's cold liberty, and her loss of fortune. He saw himself far away in the future a disappointed man—a failure—high hopes unrealized, labors unsuccessful, aspirations blighted; saw himself struggling single-handed against the Briareous necessity and Beatrix by his side. Might she not, if life went badly with him, repent her choice? And what was the bitterness of the present—the loss involved in doing right—compared with that sharper bitterness, that greater loss might follow in the future upon doing wrong?

"My first and last visit to the Water House, I dare say," he thought, as he paused for a minute in the quadrangle looking up at the ivied walls, the massive stone mullions, and Tudor gables. A fine old house if its associations had been bright and pleasant, but looked at as the dungeon of unloved youth, it appeared dismal as an Egyptian tomb.

He saw an open door in the cloistered side wall—a door leading to the garden—and thought how natural it would be for him to go there in search of Beatrix, thought how happily he would have gone to seek her if Mr. Harefield's decision had favored their love—if he had given them ever so little encouragement, ever so small a right to look hopefully toward the future. Now all was blank—a dull dead despair.

He went under the archway, and the outer door shut behind him with a hollow clang in the twilight.

[to be continued.]

ROGER WILLIAMS.

Among the popular features of Dr. Schaff's *Creeds of Christendom*, shortly to be published by Harper & Brothers, are the sketches of representative characters connected with the early history of the denominations into which the great body of Christendom is divided. We have already given from this work the author's sketch of John Wesley, the founder of Methodism. The sketch of Roger Williams, and the account of the early history of the Baptists, will be found no less interesting.

"In England the Baptists were for a long time treated with extreme severity on account of their supposed connection with the fanatical faction of the German and Dutch Anabaptists. A number of them who had fled from Holland were condemned to death or exiled (1535 and 1539). Latimer speaks, in a sermon before Edward VI., of Anabaptists who were burned to death under Henry VIII. in divers towns, and met their fate 'cheerfully and without any fear.'

"Under Edward VI. they became numerous in the south of England, especially in Kent and Essex. Two were burned—a Dutchman, named George van Pare, and an English woman, Joan Boucher, usually called Joan of Kent. These were the only executions for heresy during his reign. The young king reluctantly and with tears yielded to Cranmer, who urged on him from the Mosaic law the duty of punishing blasphemy and fundamental heresy. Joan of Kent, besides rejecting infant baptism, was charged with holding the doctrine of some German and Dutch Anabaptists, that Christ's sinless humanity was not taken 'from the substance of the Virgin Mary,' who was a sinner, but was immediately created by God. She resisted every effort of Cranmer to change her views, and preferred martyrdom (May 2, 1550). Several of the Forty-two Edwardine Articles were directed against the Anabaptists.

"Under Elizabeth a congregation of Dutch Anabaptists was discovered in London. Twenty-seven members were imprisoned, some recanted, some were banished from the kingdom. The two most obstinate, John Wielmaker and Henry Terwoort, were committed to the flames in Smithfield, July 22, 1575, notwithstanding the petition of John Foxe, the martyrologist, who begged the queen to spare them, not indeed from prison or exile (which

he deemed a just punishment for heresy), but from being 'roasted alive in fire and flame,' which was 'a hard thing, and more agreeable to the practice of Romanists than to the custom of Evangelicals.' These Dutch Anabaptists were charged with 'most damnable and detestable heresies,' such as that Christ took not flesh from the substance of Mary; that infants ought not to be baptized; that it is not lawful for a Christian man to be a magistrate, or bear the sword, or take an oath. These are evidently doctrines of the Mennonites, afterward adopted by the Quakers, and now generally tolerated without any injury to society.

"During the reigns of James and Charles the Baptists made common cause with the Puritans, especially the Independents, against the prelatical Church, but withdrew more completely from the national worship, and secretly assembled in woods, stables, and barns for religious worship. They began to organize separate congregations (1633), but were punished whenever discovered. Many fled to Holland, and some to America. Their earliest publications were pleas for liberty of conscience.

"With the Long Parliament they acquired a little freedom, though their views were opposed by Presbyterians and Independents as well as by Episcopalians. They increased rapidly during the civil wars. In 1644 they numbered seven congregations in London and forty-seven in the country. Cromwell left them unmolested. He had many of them in his army, and some even held positions in his experimental Broad-Church. Milton is claimed by them, on the ground of a passage unfavorable to infant baptism, but with no more justice than Arians, Unitarians, and Quakers may claim him.

After the Restoration they were again persecuted by fines, imprisonment, and torture. They suffered more severely than any other nonconformists except the Quakers. Among their most distinguished confessors who spent much time in prison were Vavasor, Powell, Hanserd Knollys, Benjamin Keach, and John Bunyan.

The Act of Toleration (1689) brought relief to the Baptists, and enabled them to build chapels and spread throughout the country. Since then they have become one of the leading branches of Dissenters in England.

"In America the Baptists trace their origin chiefly but not exclusively to Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island. Originally a clergyman in the Church of England, he became a rigid separatist, a radical come-outer of all church establishments, an 'arch-individualist,' and an advocate of 'soul-liberty' in the widest acceptation of the term. He was a pious, zealous, unselfish, kind-hearted, but eccentric, 'conscientiously contentious,' and impracticable genius—a real troubler in Israel, who could not get along with any body but himself; and this accounts for his troubles, which, however, were overruled for good. Cotton Mather compared him to a windmill which, by its rapid motion in consequence of a violent storm, became so intensely heated that it took fire and endangered the whole town.

"Pursued out of his land by Bishop Laud, as he says, he emigrated with a heavy heart, in company with his wife Mary, to the colony of Massachusetts, and arrived, after a tedious and tempestuous voyage, in February, 1631.

"He first exercised his ministerial gifts as an assistant to the pastor of Plymouth colony, and acquired a knowledge of the Indian language. In 1633 he removed to Salem as assistant of Mr. Skelton, and in 1635 he was ordained pastor of Salem church. But he was even then in open opposition to the prevailing views and customs of the colony, and refused to take the oath of fidelity. Besides this, he was charged with advocating certain opinions supposed to be dangerous, viz., that the magistrate ought not to punish offenses against the first table; that an oath ought not to be tendered to an unregenerate man; that a regenerate man ought not to pray with the unregenerate, though it be his wife or child; that a man ought not to give thanks after the sacrament nor after meat. He was unwilling to retract, and advised his church to withdraw from communion with the other churches of the colony, 'as full of Antichristian pollution.' For these reasons the court banished Williams (October, 1635). The question of toleration was implied in the first charge; he denied the jurisdiction of the civil magistrate over matters of conscience and religion, and defended this principle afterward in a book, *The Bloudy Tenent of Persecution for Cause of Conscience*, against John Cotton (1644). His views on baptism were developed afterward; but they would only have aggravated his case, and, in fact, his rebaptism brought upon him the sentence of excommunication from the church of Salem, of which he was still nominally a member.

"The banishment was the best thing that could have happened to Williams: it led to the development of his heroic qualities, and gave him a prominent position in American history. He left Salem with a few friends, and made his way in dreary winter through 'a howling wilderness' to the wigwams of his Indian friends, and was sorely tossed in frost and snow among barbarians for fourteen weeks, 'not knowing what bread or bed did mean.' In June, 1636, he founded, with five families who adhered to him, the town of Providence. He scrupulously bought the land from the Indians, and acted as pastor of this democratic settlement. In 1638 he became a Baptist; he was immersed by Ezekiel Hollyman, and in turn immersed Hollyman and ten others. This was the first Baptist church on the American continent. But a few months afterward he renounced his rebaptism on the ground that Hollyman was unbaptized, and therefore unauthorized to administer the rite to him. He remained for the rest of his life a 'Seeker,' cut loose from all existing church organizations and usages, longing for a true Church of God, but unable to find one on the face of the whole earth. He conceived 'that the apostasy of Antichrist hath so far corrupted all, that there can be no recovery out of that apostasy till Christ send forth new apostles to plant churches anew.'

"In 1643 he went to England, and obtained through the Commissioners of Plantation a charter which allowed the planters to rule themselves according to the laws of England, 'so far as the nature of the case would admit.' In 1663 he accepted for the colony another and more successful charter—a patent from the English crown similar to that of Massachusetts, to which he had formerly objected. He kept up friendly relations with the Indians, and twice saved the Massachusetts colony from danger, thus returning good for evil. His fame rests on his advocacy of the sacredness of conscience. Bancroft goes too far when, in his eloquent eulogy, he calls him 'the first person in modern Christendom who asserted in its plenitude the doctrine of the liberty of conscience, the equality of opinions before the law.' The Anabaptists and Mennonites had done the same a hundred years before. But Williams planted the first civil government on the principle of universal 'soul-liberty,' and was followed by William Penn in his Quaker colony of Pennsylvania. Milton calls Roger Williams 'that noble confessor of religious liberty, that extraordinary man and most enlightened legislator, who, after suffering persecution from his brethren, persevered, amidst incredible hardships and difficulties, in seeking a place of refuge for the sacred ark of conscience.'"

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JUNE.

Sunday, 17.—Third Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 24.—Nativity of St. John the Baptist; Fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Friday, 29.—St. Peter.

MR. ARTHUR TOOTH has returned to his flock at Hatcham in a very belligerent temper. In a very short time he dissipated the rumors of the resignation of his benefice. He denounced all services conducted in the church during his absence as schismatical, and all appointments intended to fill his place as null and void. Notice was also given that Mr. TOOTH would celebrate the Holy Communion on the Sunday following his return. At eight o'clock in the morning 400 persons assembled. Mr. FRY, a church-warden, entered during this service, with a policeman, and ordered the arrest of Mr. TOOTH. Another church-warden sustained the rector, and the police refused, under the circumstances, to act. During the day an attempt was made to destroy the confession box in the church, but the police interfered again in the interest of the public peace.

The old-time religious anniversary is better maintained in Boston than in New York; in London it flourishes as vigorously as ever. On Sunday, May 27, the Boston festival began with the American Tract Society and the Young Men's Christian Association of the city. The American Peace Society held its forty-ninth annual meeting at Pilgrim Hall. The Hon. E. S. TOBEY was re-elected president. On Tuesday, the 29th, the American Unitarian Association held its fifty-second annual meeting. HENRY P. KIDDER was elected president. The treasurer reported receipts from donations to the amount of $37,012, a total income, including interest from permanent funds, of $111,659, and expenditures amounting to $99,228. After the business meeting, the Rev. Dr. H. W. BELLOWS, of New York, delivered a sermon on "The dissolution of the popular creed of the visible Church, and the re-appearance of primitive Christianity."

At the eighth annual meeting of the Executive Committee of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held in Minneapolis, the receipts of the past year were reported to be $67,688.

The appeal made to save the Southern Methodist Publishing House from financial distress has been so far successful that hopes of entire relief are entertained. Of the $60,000 needed, one-third has been raised.

The judgment of the Judicial Committee of the Queen's Privy Council on the Folkestone ritual case has been pronounced, after a full argument. The members of the court were the Chancellor and ex-Chancellor, a chief of a common law court, three Lords Justices of Appeal, three paid members of the Judicial Committee, and Sir ROBERT PHILLIMORE, formerly Dean of Arches. The Archbishop of Canterbury and four other bishops sat also as Assessors. The questions raised were the lawfulness (1) of "a crucifix elevated on a chancel screen with a row of candles on each side of it; (2) of sacramental bread, said to be wafer bread; (3) of the eastward position of the clergyman during the consecration prayer at the communion; and (4) of special eucharistic vestments. The decision was against the crucifix, and against the use of aught else than bread "such as is usually to be eaten" in the Lord's Supper. As to the position of the celebrant of the communion, the committee decide that "he must stand so that he may in good faith enable the communicants present, or the bulk of them, being properly placed, to see, if they wish it, the breaking of the bread and the performance of the other manual acts mentioned. He must not interpose his body so as intentionally to defeat the object of the rubric and prevent this result." With this limitation, either the eastward or the northward position is pronounced allowable. The eucharistic vestments are decided to be illegal. The opinion occupied two hours and a half in its delivery.

The question of the expediency of the existence of societies created for the purpose of rendering aid to candidates for the ministry is destined to have a prolonged discussion. The secretary of the American College and Education Society justifies the practice of bestowing gratuities instead of making loans, on this ground: "It was seen how well-nigh impossible it is for a man in the ministry, on the average salaries paid in this country, to do much more than support his family even in a moderate and economical way. But money is paid back every year from some of these very men; not in large sums, and not probably from all who might pay, but in the total it amounts to considerable." As this discussion touches the position of the ministry in the United States, its continuance may result in good.

The Christian Catholic Church of Switzerland held its annual Synod in Berne during Whitsun-week. Among the questions expected to come before it for consideration were the authorization of a catechism, the revision of the liturgy, and the introduction of the communion in both kinds. A large meeting held at Geneva has demanded the last-named innovation upon Roman Catholic usage.

Professor SWING, of Chicago, is of the opinion that "the best studio for any professional man is ten acres of ground on the first three working-days of the week." He would have the call for every clergyman to be to "a church, a parsonage, and the ten acres."

There are said to be two parties in the College of Cardinals at Rome in relation to the question of the nationality of the next Pope. One wishes an Italian, and proposes Cardinal LA VALETTA, now Vicar-General, or Cardinal BILIO. The other party urges the election of Cardinal HOWARD.

The Sundays June 24 and July 1 will be observed throughout the Presbyterian world as days of prayer for the Pan-Presbyterian Conference, which opens in Edinburgh July 4. Numerous delegates to the Conference have already sailed from New York.

Fraternity between the Northern and Southern Presbyterian Churches is not so firmly established as has been supposed. A communication from the Southern Assembly, sitting in New Orleans, to the Northern, in Chicago, complains that the latter body has not taken back the severe censures of Southern Presbyterians uttered during the war. The Southern Assembly wishes the Northern to declare that these "obnoxious things were said and done in times of great excitement, and are to be regretted, and that now, on a calm review, the imputations cast upon the Southern Church, of schism, heresy, and blasphemy, are disapproved." The disposition of the Northern Assembly at the time of this writing is to make to the Southern Church no further overtures than have been made.

Very important action was taken by the Northern Assembly on the question of publishing Sunday newspapers, which came up on an appeal of the church at Sewickly, Pennsylvania. A report was adopted, in which it is set forth "that any voluntary participation in the publication and sale of Sunday newspapers is inconsistent alike with obedience to the law of God and membership in the Presbyterian Church."

At a meeting of ruling elders who are commissioners to the General Assembly, the question of the participation of women in the exercises of prayer-meetings was fully discussed. Upon taking a vote, forty elders, or more than half, acknowledged that in their churches the practice of such participation was established. Fifteen more declared in its favor. The Board of Church Erection reported receipts for the year of $106,000, and a balance in hand of $26,000; 172 churches have been built during the year.

At the Baptist anniversaries in Providence the first and second days were given to the consideration of foreign missions. It was stated that for eleven successive years the expenditures of the Foreign Mission Union had overrun the receipts in amounts varying from $500 to $53,000. The debt on May 1, 1877, was $47,000. An enthusiastic effort was made during the session to cancel this debt, and over $30,000 were raised. On Thursday, May 24, the Home Mission Society held its annual meeting. This also has a debt, incurred in the effort to pay off the incumbrance on the Institute for Freedmen in Nashville. The society now has $158,000 invested in buildings, wholly paid for. The Rev. E. G. ROBINSON, D.D., of Rhode Island, was elected president of the Foreign Missionary Union; the Hon. ROBERT O. FULLER, of Massachusetts, president of the Home Mission Society; and JAMES L. HOWARD president of the Publication Society.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IT remains to be seen whether the war which has been waged in New York and adjacent cities against the sale of impure and adulterated milk will result in a general supply of the genuine article or not. Some startling exposures of the "swill-milk" traffic have increased the vigilance of the Board of Health, and resulted in the prosecution of many dishonest dealers. In general it is those who serve milk in the poorer quarters of the city who are found guilty of selling an adulterated article. But an examination of the milk supplied to many families who want and pay for the best shows, to one who knows what good country milk is, a thin, watery fluid, which evidently contains little nutriment. Perhaps some of those dealers who add water to their milk cans quiet their consciences by the thought that water is in itself harmless; but when water is given to infants as food, instead of milk, it is simply starving them to death; or if a child survives such insufficient nutrition, it suffers severely. The Brooklyn Board of Health recently adopted an amendment to the Sanitary Code prohibiting the sale of any unwholesome, skimmed, watered, or adulterated milk, or milk known as "swill milk," or milk from cows that have been confined in stables, or that have been fed on swill. The amendment also provides that no person shall sell or deliver any milk in Brooklyn without a permit in writing from the Board.

The United States ship *Supply*, acting as a tender to the training ship *Minnesota*, recently sailed from this port with a class of 125 boys on a cruise of three months. The object is to give practical instruction to the students prior to their examinations for promotion. On account of lack of funds, the cruise will not be so extensive as was originally intended. There are now about forty-five vacancies on the *Minnesota*. It seems to be a prevailing impression that the training school is a reformatory. This is not the case. On the contrary, it is said that the requirements relating to the enlistment of boys for the naval service are very strict, and one of the chief requisites is that the candidate must show that he has never been an inmate of any reformatory institutions.

The *Quarterly Review*, in explaining the etymology of "protocol," remarks that while the first two syllables doubtless are derived from the Greek word *protos*, first, the *col* is novel. It comes from the Greek *kolla*, glue. "First-glue," therefore, is the English substitute for "protocol." That seems like an obscure explanation, until it is added that the Greeks of the Byzantine Empire used to glue the first page to the papyrus roll, on which page they entered the date at which, and the persons by whom, the public document inscribed on the roll was drawn up. The word being of Byzantine origin, it has been very appropriately applied to the document which has been so much talked of during the past two months.

On June 11 the "Caxton Celebration" opens in London, and promises to be a success. The loan collection of articles connected with the art of printing will be displayed at South Kensington, in the western galleries. Lord Spencer, who owns fifty-seven Caxtons and many like rarities, has offered the choice of his collection, the great libraries have made as liberal proffers, and the City of London loans the Guildhall autograph of Shakspeare. The General Committee pleasantly recognizes this country by including among its members a number of literary gentlemen connected with various public libraries in this and other cities.

We are informed that destitute, aged, and invalid dogs, irrespective of color, will reap the benefit of the dog show, inasmuch as from the profits of the exhibition a home is to be built, where they may pass their lives in peace and comfort.

Hydrophobia—according to the Cologne *Gazette*—was cured in the Franciscan Hospital of St. Maurice, in Westphalia, in October, 1874. The attending physician, Dr. Offenberg, asserts that there is no doubt of the case being really one of hydrophobia. After morphine, chloroform, and various other remedies had been tried in vain, recourse was had to the Indian arrow poison. Within four hours two decigrams of the poison, divided into seven portions, were injected under the skin of the patient. The spasms became less frequent, and in a few hours ceased. The patient finally recovered wholly.

Something like twenty thousand persons are employed in the sulphur mines of Sicily, many of whom are young children. In these mines the life of children is degrading, their morals and education are neglected, and their physical growth stunted.

An exchange tells us the following pretty story of a "Christian" bird: A pair of robins built their nest near a fashionable country boarding-house. Soon the heads of four young robins were seen peering above the sides of the nest; but some thoughtless boys passing by shot both parent birds, leaving the young ones to perish. Some of the boarders, moved to pity by the hapless condition of the poor birds, were devising plans for their relief, when a little brown wren flew to the nest, surveyed the unfortunate state of things for a moment, then disappeared. In a few minutes it returned, bearing food of some kind to the starving robins. Much surprised at this, the human sympathizers resolved to await further developments, and were delighted to find the wren had in real good earnest assumed the care of that orphan family. With untiring energy it hunted worms and food such as was suited to the wants of its protégés, and continued its kindly offices until the birds were full fledged and able to take care of themselves.

There are on the police force of this city 114 officers and patrolmen who have served faithfully more than twenty years, 337 who have served from eighteen to twenty, and 101 from ten to fifteen. There is no provision for retiring these officers, and the Police Commissioners have concluded that the only way they could reward them was to detail them to light duty, and arrangements will be made to do so.

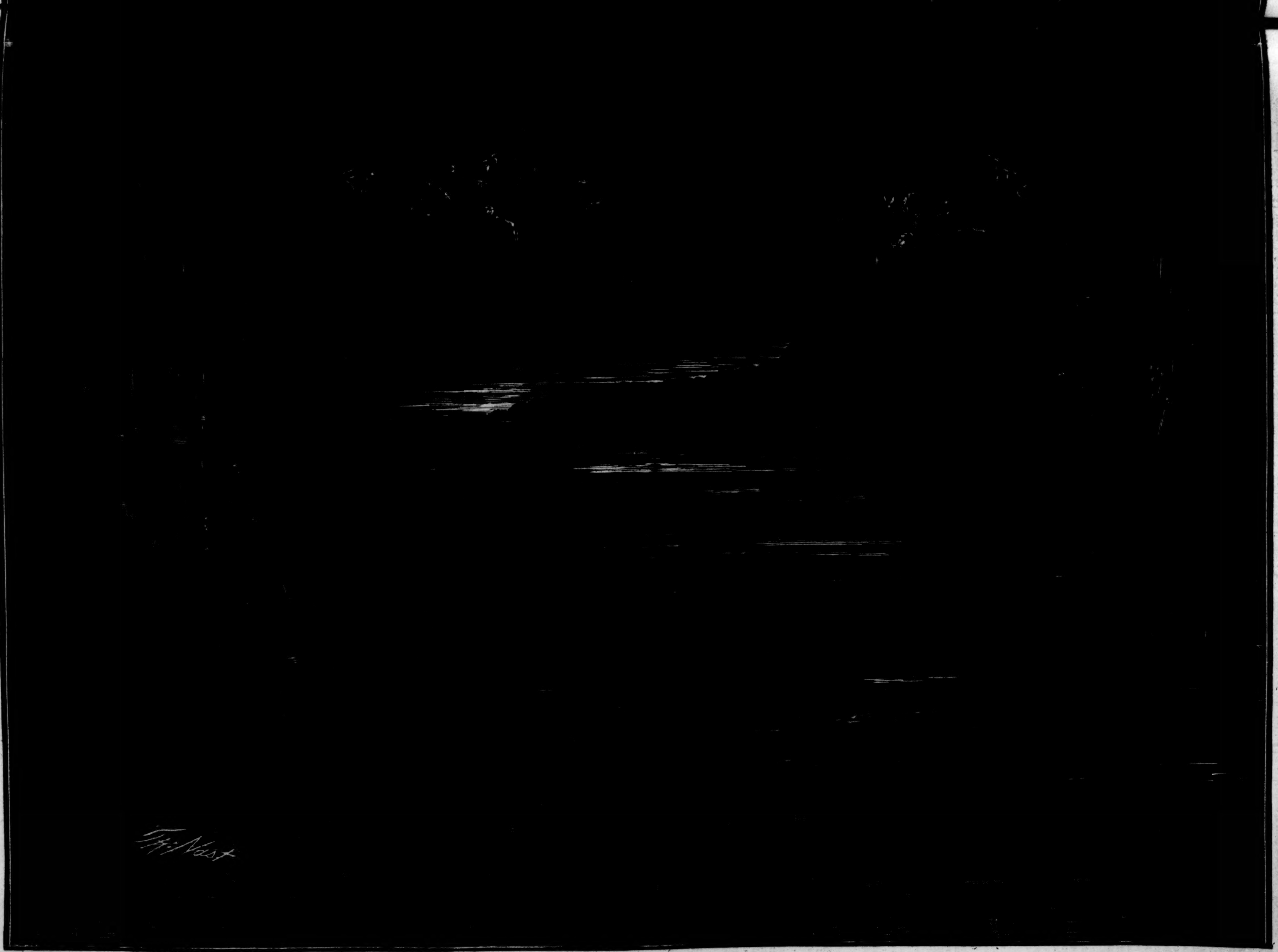
A gentleman in St. Paul, Minnesota, has invented a machine for slaughtering grasshoppers, and the first one, a two-horse machine, is just completed. It is of simple construction, durable, and the inventor maintains it will be very effective.

The following story is said by the New York *Tribune* to have been told by the Turkish inspector of arms in this country, as illustrating the policy of the Czar:

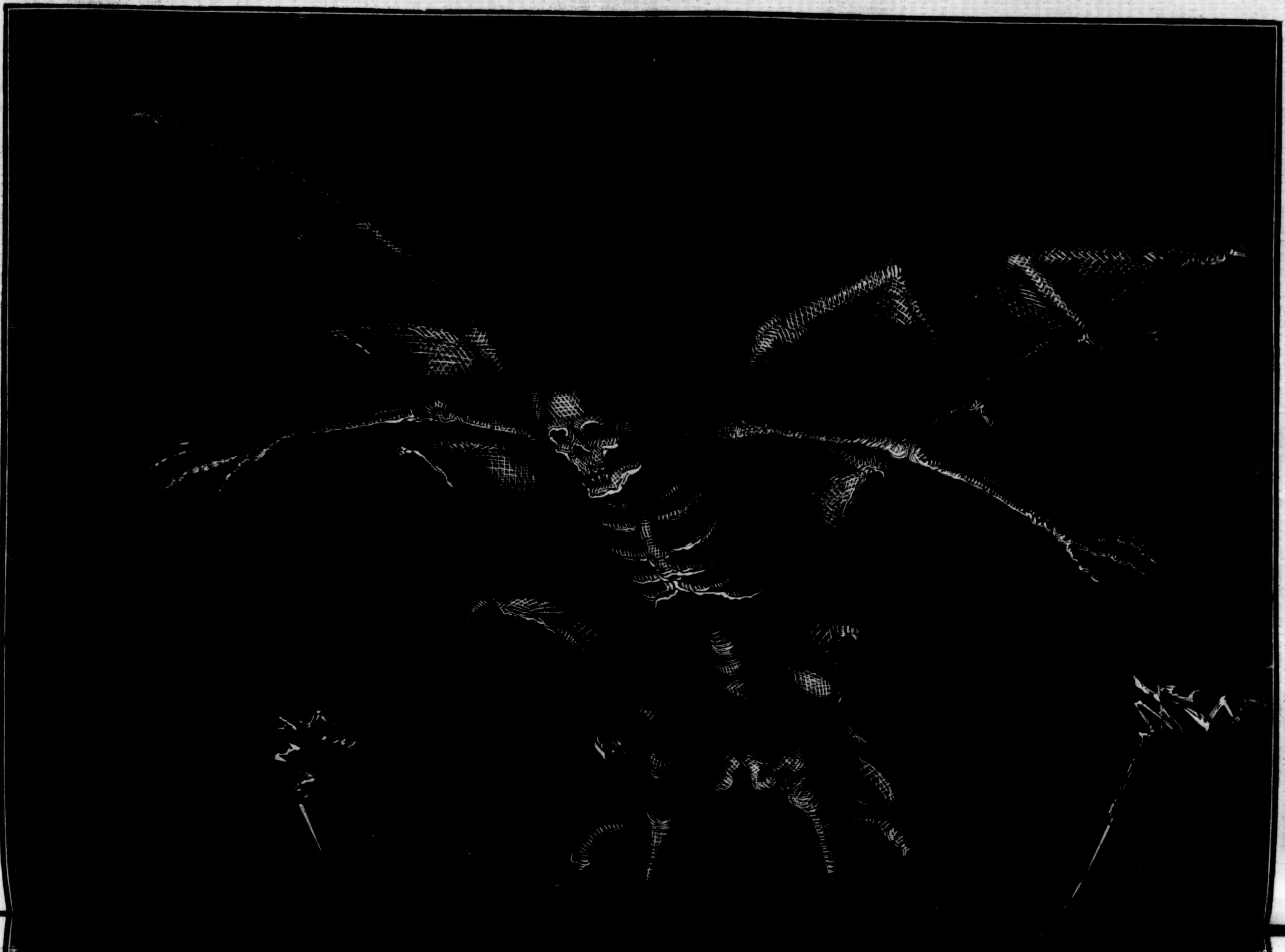
"Two cats fought over a cheese that they had found, and then asked a monkey, which happened to be near, to divide the cheese between them. The monkey cut the cheese into two unequal parts, and then proceeded to weigh them. 'This piece is too large,' observed the monkey, biting off and eating half of the larger piece. 'Why, it now weighs less than the other,' and he bit a piece from the other portion. The cats, seeing that they had made a mistake in their selection of an arbitrator, told him that they were satisfied of his good intentions, but they thought they could now divide the cheese themselves. 'You may be satisfied,' replied the monkey, 'but justice must also be satisfied, and I must be satisfied for my pains,' and he ate up the remainder of the cheese. The Czar is the arbitrator whom the Bulgarians and Greeks have chosen."

When a boy of four years old shoots his six-year-old playfellow with his father's revolver—an incident which lately transpired in Boston—there is something wrong somewhere. Evidently the infant assassin, though he seems to have done the deed deliberately, can not be hung for it. Revolvers appear to have a very reprehensible habit of lying around people's houses.

In reference to the recent injury to the Cathedral at Metz by fire, a London newspaper remarks: "Metz Cathedral, which was five centuries and one generation in building, and which, with its elegant spire rising higher than the cross of St. Paul's, is one of the best specimens of Gothic architecture extant, had its existence risked for the sake of the artistic effect which the explosion of squibs and crackers upon its roof might produce." We have not any very ancient cathedrals to endanger by fire-works; but in the history of our country there have been several warnings that even a fire-cracker may imperil a whole city. Many cities are endeavoring to substitute harmless amusements on the Fourth of July for the dangerous pastime of exploding fire-works and discharging fire-arms, which is so extensively and promiscuously practiced. There is altogether too much liberty allowed to some persons on Independence-day, in consequence of which the freedom of others is much restricted. Many ladies in the city never stir out of the house on the Fourth of July on account of the discomfort and danger in the streets.



ON THE RED DANUBE—"BLESS YOU, MY CHILDREN!"



ILLUSION.

A scarlet poppy, in the balmy night,
Upraises from the grass her slender stem,
And near her heart she holds a dew-drop bright
And lovely as a gem.

A pure white sister murmurs, half asleep,
As from a dream, "'Tis late; the moon's pale ray
Silvers the earth: close, love, your leaves, and keep
Your beauty for the day."

With gladsome pride the scarlet flower replies,
"So blessed am I, for joy I can not rest;
A star from heaven hath fallen, and it lies
And sparkles on my breast."

"A star!" repeats the sleeper, drowsily;
"Not so, for stars shine *ever* from afar."
"Hush!" pleads a daisy; "let her happy be,
Believing it a star!"

(Continued from No. 1065, page 412.)

CARITA.

By MRS. OLIPHANT,

Author of "The Chronicles of Carlingford," "Innocent," "Squire Arden," "The Perpetual Curate," "Ombra," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

BETWEEN THE TWO.

Oswald's spirits very soon recovered the shock of his father's death. He was as light-hearted as ever after that day when he had visited little Emmy at the hospital. Perhaps the satisfaction of having done a good action was in his mind, for he was permitted to send Emmy to the sea-side to the abode of another sisterhood there. Agnes undertook, after all, to make the proposal for him, which was graciously accepted, though she herself received another admonition from the Superior. Sister Mary Jane appointed a meeting with the other culprit who had made this charitable offer. As usual, he was not supposed to be at all in fault. He was allowed to enter the sacred convent gates, and wait in St. Elizabeth (for so the Superior's room was entitled) till Sister Mary Jane made her appearance, who made all the arrangements, and took his money with much gracious condescension, but said nothing about his embassadress. Neither did he say any thing, though he looked up eagerly every time the door opened, and made furtive investigations, as well as he could, through the long bare passages, where all sorts of instruction were going on. When he opened (as he had no right to do) one of the doors he passed, he found it to be full of infants, who turned round *en masse*, to his great terror, and saluted him with a simultaneous bob. They knew their manners, if he did not. But nowhere could he see Agnes, and not a word about her did these unfeeling Sisters utter. To tell truth, they both waited for each other. Sister Mary Jane had little doubt that his real mission at the House was to find out all he could from her, whereas he, on his part, had a lively anticipation of being called to task for following and talking to the governess. Oswald had something of the feeling of a schoolboy who has escaped when he found that no explanation was asked from him, and this was the only reason he gave to himself for not making those inquiries into Agnes Burchell's family which he felt it was now really necessary to make. But why immediately? Let him make a little more ground with her first, and establish his own position. It charmed him a great deal more to think of winning her in this irregular way than to plan the proper formal approach to her parents, and application for their consent. To go and hunt up an unknown family, and introduce himself to them in cold blood, and to ask them, "Will you give me your daughter?" was quite alarming to him. He put it off, as it is so easy to do. Certainly it would be his duty to do it, one time or other, if his suit prospered, and he was not much afraid of the non-success of his suit. But to go to them once for all, and inform them of his engagement with their daughter, would, he thought, be a less difficult matter—and all the delightful romance of the strange wooing would be lost should he adopt the other plan. He felt that he had got off when the door of the House closed upon him without any questioning from Sister Mary Jane; but on her side the feeling was different. She was disappointed. She had guessed how things were going, though not that they had gone nearly so far, and she had been convinced that the young stranger's anxiety to see her arose from his honorable desire to set every thing on a proper footing. The reader will perceive that Sister Mary Jane was too simple and too credulous. She was half vexed at the idea of losing the girl, whom she had grown fond of, and half glad that Agnes had found a new life more suited to her than the routine of the House, for Agnes, it was evident, had no "vocation," and she did not doubt for a moment what Mr. Oswald Meredith's real object was. She had made up her mind to allow herself to be sounded, to yield forth scraps of information diplomatically, and finally to divulge every thing there was to tell, and set the eager lover off to the rectory at the foot of the hill. But Sister Mary Jane was much dismayed to be asked no questions at all on the subject. She could not understand it, and all the disagreeable stories she had ever heard of the wolves that haunt the neighborhood of a fold came into her mind and filled her with dismay. Instead of being honorable and high-minded, as she had taken it for granted he must be, was he designing and deceiving, according to the ideal of men who used to appear in all the novels? Up to this moment Sister Mary Jane had felt disposed to laugh at the Lothario of fiction. Was this that mythical personage in his improper person? The result of the interview on her side was that she reproved poor Agnes gently for a few days, and declined to allow her to go any where, and would not make any reference whatever to little Emmy's going to the sea-side. Yes, she was to go. Oh, certainly, every thing was arranged; but not a word about Emmy's friend, whose liberality procured her this change. Agnes felt her heart sink. She had expected at least to be questioned about the young stranger, who must, she felt convinced, have asked questions about her, and the silence was hard to bear. Once more, indeed, she was permitted to go out to see Emmy before she went away; but the lay Sister, the porteress, was sent with her, on some pretext or other. Thus it happened that when Oswald appeared as usual, he found himself confronted by a respectable visage of forty under the poke-bonnet which he had supposed to enshrine that Perugino countenance to which he had addressed so many uncompleted verses. To be sure, the Perugino face was close by, but the dragon kept so near that nothing could be said. Oswald talked a little about Emmy loudly, by way of deceiving the respectable attendant. Then he ventured upon a few hurried words in a lower tone. "Is this an expedient of the Sisters?" he said, hastily. "Am I never to speak to you again? Do they think they can send me away like this, and get the better of me? Never! You need not think so. You may send me away, but no one else shall."

"Mr. Meredith, for Heaven's sake—"

"I am taking care; but you don't mean to cast me off, Agnes?"

She gave him a sudden look. Her face was full of emotion. Fright, melancholy, wistfulness, inquiring wonder, were in her eyes. What did he mean? Was he as true, as reverent, as real in his love, as he had said? He could not have realized, in his confident happiness and ability to do every thing he wished, the sense of impotent, dejected wondering, and the indignation with herself, for thinking about it so, which were in Agnes's mind. But something in her eyes touched and stopped him in his eager effort to continue this under-tone of conversation, to elude the scrutiny of her companion. "Good-by," she said, with a slight wave of her hand, hurrying on. Oswald was overcome, in spite of himself. He fell behind instinctively, and watched her moving quickly along the street with the other black shadow by her in the sunshine. For the moment he ceased to think of himself and thought of her. Had it been for her comfort that he had crossed her path? It had been the most delightful new existence and pursuit to him—but to her? Oswald could not have imagined the waves of varied feeling, the secret storms that had gone over Agnes in the quiet of the convent, on account of those meetings and conversations; but he did consciously pause and ask himself whether this which had been so pleasant to him had been equally pleasant to her. It was but a momentary pause. Then he went after her a little more slowly, not unselfish enough, even in his new care for her, not to be rather anxious that Agnes should be aware that he was there. And who knows? perhaps it was more consolatory for her when she half turned round, standing at the door of the House waiting for admittance, to see him pass, taking off his hat reverentially, and looking at her with eyes half reproachful and tender, than it would have been had he accepted the repulse she had given him, and put force upon himself, and staid absolutely away. He had no intention of staying away. He meant to continue his pursuit of her—to waylay her, to lose no possibility of getting near her. He was pertinacious, obstinate, determined, even though it annoyed her. Did it annoy her? or was there some secret pleasure in the warm glow that came over her at sight of him? She hurried in, and swore to herself not to think of this troublesome interruption of her quiet life any more. It was over. Emmy was removed, and there was an end of it. She would think of it no more, and with this determination Agnes hastened to the girls in St. Cecilia, and never left off thinking of it till weariness and youth together, making light of all those simple thorns in her pillow, plunged her into softest sleep.

Oswald went to Cara to unburden his mind next day. He did not quite know what his next step was to be. "I think it is all right," he said. "You should have seen the look she gave me. She would not have given me a look like that if she had not liked me. It set me wondering whether she was as happy as—such a creature as she is ought to be. Would they scold her badly because I followed her? You know what women do—would they be hard upon her? But why? If I insisted upon being there, it was not her fault."

"They would say it was her fault. They would say that if she had refused to speak to you, you would not have come back."

"But I should. I am not so easily discouraged. Oh yes, perhaps if she had looked as if she hated me; but then," said Oswald, with complacence, "she did not do that."

"Don't be so vain," said Cara, provoked. "Oh, I *hate* you when you look vain. It makes you look silly, too. If she saw you with that imbecile look on your face, she would never take the trouble of thinking of you again."

"Oh, wouldn't she?" said Oswald, looking more vain than ever. "Because you are insensible, that is not to say that other people are. Of course I should pull up if I did not mean any thing. But I do mean a great deal. I never saw any one like her. I told you she was like a Perugino—and you should hear her talk. She is thrown away there, Cara. I am sure she never was meant to be shut up in such a place, teaching a set of little wretches. I told her so. I told her a wife was better than a sister."

"Are you so very sure of that?" cried Cara; for what she called the imbecile look of vanity on Oswald's handsome face had irritated her. "Would it be so very noble to be your wife, Oswald? Now tell me. You would like her to look up to you, and think you very grand and clever. You would read your poetry to her. You would like her to order you a very nice dinner—"

"Ye-es," said Oswald. "But if she smiled at me sweetly, I should forgive her the dinner, and she should do as she pleased; only I should like her, of course, to please me."

"And you would take her to the opera and to parties—and give up your club, perhaps—and you would take a great deal of trouble in furnishing your house, and altogether enjoy yourself."

"Very much indeed, I promise you," said the young man, rubbing his hands.

"And now she is not enjoying herself at all," said Cara—"working very hard among the poor children, going to visit sick people in the hospital. Oh yes, there would be a difference. The wife would be much the most comfortable."

"I don't like girls to be satirical," said Oswald. "It puts them out of harmony, out of drawing. Now *she* said something like that. She asked me, in her pretty way, if it would be better to make one man happy than to serve a great number of people, and take care of those that had nobody to take care of them. That was what she said; but she did not laugh, nor put on a satirical tone."

"That shows only that she is better than I am," said Cara, slightly angry still, "but not that I am wrong. Your wife! it might be nice enough. I can't tell. But it would not be a great life—a life for others, like what, perhaps, she is trying for now."

"You are complimentary, Cara," said Oswald, half offended. "After all, I don't think it would be such a very bad business. I shall take good care of my wife, never fear. She *shall* enjoy herself. Don't you know," he added, with a laugh, "that every body thinks you and I are going to make it up between us?"

Cara turned away. "You ought not to let any one think so," she said.

"What harm does it do? It amuses every body, keeping them on the stretch for news. They think we are actually engaged. The times that Edward has tried to get it out of me—all particulars—and my mother too. It is far too good a joke not to keep it up."

"But, Oswald, I don't like it. It is not right."

"Oh, don't be so particular, Cara. I shall believe you are going to be an old maid, like Aunt Cherry, if you are so precise. Why, what possible harm can it do? It is only keeping them on the rack of curiosity, while we are laughing in our sleeves. Besides, after all, Cara *mia*, it is just a chance, you know, that it did not come to pass. If it had not been for *her*, and that she turned up just when she did—"

"I am much obliged to you, Oswald. You think, then, that it all depends upon you, and that the moment it pleased you to throw your handkerchief—"

"Do not be absurd, my dear child. You know I am very fond of you," said Oswald, with such a softening in his voice, and so kind a look in his eyes, that Cara was quite disarmed. He put his hand lightly upon her waist, as a brother might have done. "We have known each other all our lives—we shall know each other all the rest of our lives. I tell you every thing—you are my little conscience keeper, my adviser. I don't know what I should do without you," he said; and being of a caressing disposition, Oswald bent down suddenly and kissed the soft cheek which was lifted toward him. There were two doors to the room—the one most generally used was in its second division, the back drawing-room; but another door opened directly out upon the staircase, and the two were standing, as it happened, directly in front of this. By what chance it happened that Miss Cherry chose this door to come in by, and suddenly, softly threw it open at this particular moment, will never be known. There is something in such a salutation, especially when at all ambiguous in its character, which seems to stir up all kinds of malicious influences for its betrayal. The sudden action of Miss Cherry in opening this door revealed the little incident not only to her, but to Edward, who was coming up the stair. Cara rushed to the other end of the room, her face scorching with shame; but Oswald, more used to the situation, stood his ground, and laughed. "Ah, Aunt Cherry, are you really going?" he said, holding out his hand to her, while Edward stalked into the room like a ghost. Of all the party, Oswald was the least discomposed. Indeed, it rather pleased him, his vanity and his sense of fun being both excited. He had a kind of notion that Edward was jealous, and this added to his mischievous enjoyment. Where was the harm?

"Yes, I am going away," said Miss Cherry, "and perhaps it is time—though I sometimes don't know whether I ought to go or stay," she added, mournfully, with a glance at her niece. Cara had turned her back upon the company, and was in the other room arranging some music on the piano with trembling fingers. She could not bear either reproach or laughter, for her shame was excessive, and out of all proportion to the magnitude of the offense, as was to be expected at her years.

"Oh, you must not be uneasy about Cara," said Oswald, lightly. "Cara will be well taken care of. We will all take care of her. I must go now, Cara. Good-morning. I am going to look after the business I have been telling you of. Why, there is nothing to make a bother about," he said, in an under-tone. "Cara! crying! Why, what harm is done?"

"Oh, tell them, Oswald; if you have any pity for me, tell them!"

"Tell them what? There is nothing to tell. If they put foolish constructions on the simplest incident, it is not our fault. Good-by; only look unconcerned, as I do. There is no possible harm done."

And with this he went away, shaking hands with Miss Cherry, who was very pale with agitation and disapproval. As for Edward, he gave her a very formal message from his mother about a drive which Cara was to take with her in the afternoon. He scarcely spoke to the girl herself, who, indeed, kept in the background and said nothing. Edward had grown quite pale; he bowed in a formal way, and spoke so stiffly that Miss Cherry was almost driven to self-assertion. "Pray don't let Mrs. Meredith take any trouble about Cara's drive," she said, drawing herself up. "Cara can get an airing very easily if this is troublesome."

"What I said was that my mother would call at four," said the young man, and he bowed again and went away. With what a heavy heart he went down stairs, not seeing the pitiful look Cara stole at him as he went out, this time through the legitimate door, the neglect of which had caused all the mischief; no, not the neglect, but Oswald's dreadful, wicked levity and her own (as it almost seemed) crime.

"I am going away," said Miss Cherry, with dignity. "I will not ask you what you don't choose to tell me, Cara. I have seen enough for myself; but I can't help saying that I go with a heavy heart. Your father and you have both gone out of my reach. It is not for me to blame you. I am old-fashioned, and prefer old ways, and perhaps it is you who know best."

"Oh, Aunt Cherry!" said the girl, in a passion of tears. "What can I say to you? You are mistaken; indeed you are mistaken. I am not concealing any thing."

"We will not speak of it, my dear," said Miss Cherry, with trembling lips. "You are out of my reach, both your father and you. Oh, when I think how things used to be! What a good child you were—so true, so transparent! and now I don't seem to know what truth is; every thing is muddled up. Oh, I wonder if it is our fault! They say that to have a mother is every thing; but I thought I had tried to be like a mother," cried Miss Cherry, giving way to the inevitable tears.

"I am not false," said Cara, putting her arms round her. "Oh, Aunt Cherry, believe me. I did not know what he was going to do. It was to thank me, because he had been asking—my advice—"

"*Your* advice! Ah, you will be fine guides to each other, if this is how you treat your best friends," said Miss Cherry. But she yielded a little to the girl's caressing, and dried her eyes. "I am going away with a heavy heart," she added, after this partial making-up, shaking her head sorrowfully. "I don't know what it is all coming to. *He* is never at home—always *there;* and you— In my time we thought of what was right, not only what we liked best; but they tell us in all the books that the world is getting wiser, and knows better every day. I only hope you will find it so. Oh, Cara," said Miss Cherry, "it is thought a mean thing to say that honesty is the best policy, though it was the fashion once; but it is. I don't mean to say that is the highest way of looking at it; but still it is so. For one vexation you may have by speaking the truth, you will find a dozen from not speaking it. I wish you would think of this. But I will not say any more."

"I am not a liar," said Cara, with a wild indignation in her heart which was beyond words; and she refused to speak again, and saw her aunt off with a throbbing heart, but neither tears nor words beyond what were absolutely needful. Never had she parted with any one in this way before. She came in and shut herself up in her room, directing them to say that she was ill, and could not drive, when Mrs. Meredith came for her. Honesty the best policy! What breaking up of heaven and earth was it that placed her amid all these shadows and falsities, she whose spirit revolted from every thing that was even doubtful? She lay down upon her little bed, and cried herself, not to sleep, but into the quiet of exhaustion. Aunt Cherry, who had been like her mother to her, had gone away wounded and estranged. Edward—what a countenance his had been as he turned and went out of the room! And Oswald, who had dragged her into this false position and would not clear her, laughed! Cara hid her eyes from the light in one of those outbursts of youthful despair, which are more intolerable than heavier sorrows. Such pangs have, before now, driven young souls to desperation. She was hemmed in, and did not know what to do. And where in all the world was she to find a friend now?

While she was lying there in her despair, Oswald, walking along lightly, could scarcely keep himself from laughing aloud when he thought of this quaint misadventure. How absurd it was! He hoped Miss Cherry would not be too hard upon Cara; but he took the idea of the scolding she would receive with a certain complacence as well as amusement. It was as good as a play. Miss Cherry's look of horror, the blanched face of the virtuous Edward, and poor little Cara's furious blush and overwhelming shame. What an innocent child it must be to feel such a trifle so deeply! But they were all rather tiresome people with their punctilios, Oswald felt, and the sooner he had emancipated himself and settled independently, the better. Thanks to that sensible old governor, who, after all, could not have chosen a better moment to die in, there was no need for waiting, and nobody had any power to raise difficulties in respect to money. No, he could please himself; he could do what he liked without interference from any one, and he would do it. He would win his little wife by his spear and his bow, without intervention of the old fogies who spoil sport; and when the romance had been exhausted they would all live happy ever after like a fairy tale. As for any harm to be done in the mean time, any clouding of other lives, he puffed that into the air with a "Pshaw, nonsense!" as he would have puffed away the smoke of his cigar.

But it surprised him when he returned home to find his mother in tears over Edward's resolution, after all, to carry out his original plan and go out to India. Mrs. Meredith was broken-hearted over this change. "I thought it was all

settled. Oh, Oswald, there are but two of you! How can I bear to part with one of my boys?" she said.

"Well, mother, but you had made up your mind to it; and, to tell the truth, it is a shame to sacrifice such prospects as his," said the elder son, with exemplary wisdom. "I am very sorry, since you take it so to heart; but otherwise one can't deny it's the best thing he could do."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

POPULAR ART.

III.—POTTERY AND PORCELAIN.

In my last article on "Popular Art" I gave some few leading principles by which the choice of furniture and its arrangement should be guided; in this number I propose to try to estimate the place and value which ceramic manufactures should hold in the general decoration of a house, and also to say a few words as to the kinds of design which are best fitted for the ornamentation of such manufactures.

First, then, as to the special character of the design. Here, at the very outset of our subject, we are met by a difficulty; for if we think back over the various kinds of celebrated pottery and porcelain, from the vases of Greece to the match-pots of Minton, we find that nearly every possible subject and method of treatment has been employed in the embellishment of the clay. Thus we have, among many others, heroic subjects, contests of gladiator and athlete on the amphoras of Greece; scenes and portraits, religious or social, on the majolica of Italy; realistic landscape and satin-waistcoated figures on the works of Sèvres and Dresden; and lastly, imitation of animal life produced with painstaking minuteness at Messrs. Minton's manufactory, so that nowadays we can actually hang up a china parrot the size of life in our drawing-room, and enjoy its presence without hearing its voice. Now it will be easily seen by any one who thinks over the matter carefully that some of these latter forms of decoration are false and bad, either from misconception of the nature of the material, or because they attempt to reproduce exactly what is impossible of reproduction. For instance, take the parrot we have just mentioned. Say, the workman has succeeded, as, to do him justice, the modern workman does succeed, in reproducing exactly the colors and shape of the bird, and has hung it on a gilt hoop, and you have it in your drawing-room all complete. What more can you want? You want the impossible. You want the constant ruffling and preening of the feathers, you want the knowing turn of the head to right and left, you want even the shrill, inharmonious cry. And the more perfect the imitation of the outward form and color is, the more you require the circumstances which you are accustomed to associate with them. It is out of all your range of experience, out of every one's range of experience, that a parrot should sit forever mute and motionless; and this being so, the reason resents the misspent labor which has given with so much toil a deceptive reproduction of a bird which, directly it ceases to be deceptive, becomes incongruous.

Walking through one of the largest pottery galleries in London recently, I saw gigantic peacocks perched upon tree trunks, with growth of ivy and grass about the trees, a marvel of skilled labor and successful work in the furnace, and yet the work was really wasted. The birds were not like peacocks when you came to look at them—could not be, by the very nature of the case. The sheeny feathery mass of azure and burnished gold which forms the peacock's tail is absolutely impossible to reproduce in pottery, and that being so, the deceptiveness of other parts only heightened the incongruity. For similar reasons, all painting of natural landscape upon porcelain is really wasted skill. In working upon clay which has to be submitted to the furnace, the artist labors under disabilities which must forever prevent his approaching the effect obtained upon canvas or paper, where the results are dependent only on the color used, and not upon the color plus the result of the fire. Then the nearer a representation of a scene upon a plate or a vase approaches to an imitation of what the same scene would be in an oil-painting, the more we perceive the inevitable short-coming, and the less pleasure we receive from the work. I have not space enough to show how similar reasoning applies to the satin-waistcoated Sèvres figures, but it is hardly necessary, as they scarcely profess to be more than ornaments, and by their size are exempt from any deceitfulness in the strict sense of the word. But what I want to get at is this—that whenever you find pottery or china deceptively imitating natural substances, the nature of which is dissimilar to the material in which the imitation is made, then you are to consider such imitation as bad art, because it is art which is attempting the impossible, and not working under the conditions by which it should be governed. It follows from the above that whenever we represent natural objects or scenes upon pottery, we should represent them conventionally, that is to say, we should not attempt to trespass upon the province of painting by showing the whole mass of facts connected with the natural object, but only seize such main points as may be effectively reproduced in our work; and if in such selection we choose them so well as to get the spirit of the thing represented, we have good conventionalism. Look, for an example of this, at Greek designs on pottery, and mark how strong in action and graceful in gesture are the figures, no matter how rudely they are drawn, and also how freely, and yet truly, the main points of the anatomy of the figure are shown. Thus we see what is called "conventionalism" is not dependent upon treating any subject according to a fixed set of rules, not making its curves angles, or its spheres squares, but getting at its essence, and sticking to that at any cost; and that, therefore, as we said in our first notice, true conventionalism is not the lowest form of art, but one of the highest forms, and can only be done by true artists. But there is another kind of conventional ornament, that which is dependent upon the function which the ornamented object will have to fulfill, and the material of which it is made. Of this we can only say here that the true rule is to admit as much beauty as is consistent with the conditions. For instance, if the place is to be subordinate, the simplicity of the ornament should be in proportion; and so, if the office is lowly, should the ornament be plain and serviceable (*i. e.*, not easily damaged by use). For instance, it would not be advisable to put an elaborate design on the mouldings of a cornice or the border of a house-maid's pail. This comparative degradation of ornament is best accomplished, according to Mr. Ruskin, "by refusing more or less the introduction of natural form. The less of nature it contains, the more degraded is the ornament, and fitter for a humble place; but however far a great workman may go in refusing the higher organisms of nature, he always takes care to retain the magnificence of natural lines, that is to say, of the infinite curves."

I must now pass to the second part of my subject, and assuming the pottery or porcelain to be decorated on the above principles, examine the question of its proper use in decoration. The first noticeable thing here is the great superiority of pottery to china—a superiority which has existed ever since the two manufactures existed. There are several reasons which might be alleged for this, but the true one seems to be that the pottery was, as a rule, more broadly and simply decorated, and therefore better fitted for a subordinate place. Something, also, is no doubt owing to the fact that the pottery had, as a rule, some actual function to fulfill. It is a curious fact in art, but it seems to be a nearly universally true one, that works done with no other aim than to be pretty objects generally miss all real artistic feeling. As an instance of this, take the multitude of gentlemen and lady shepherdesses who have simpered upon Dresden and Sèvres china for the last two hundred years. They are generally as pretty as they can possibly be, but not good art in any way. I think, then, the first rule for decorating as regards china is—to let it alone. Don't have any china, but stick to pottery; it will save you much money, and you will, on the whole, gain rather than lose. The one exception to this rule I should make would be in the case of blue Nankin porcelain, which has a combined delicacy of tint and vigor of design which can not be surpassed. It is worth noticing, however, that good Delft is nearly as fine in color, frequently very rich in design, and always a quarter of the price. Then comes the crucial question whether you should have plates on the walls or not. Now there is no doubt that a wall is not the proper place for a plate, and that, strictly speaking, you have no business to have it there. But practically we have no business to do a great many things which we are almost compelled to do by circumstances, and here, as elsewhere, it is a question of comparative values. Few people can afford such pictures as would give the eyes as much pleasure as the rich hues of pottery, and I think the variety gained by the sparing use of plates and dishes is worthy of a slight sacrifice in consistency. But it should not be overdone, and it should be distinctly understood that it is only as a relief and a help to the general effect of the room that it is allowable. Above all, the plates should not be scattered about the room, or hung singly as if they were pictures, but should be disposed in rows above a doorway or mantel-shelf, or in vertical lines along the mouldings of a panel, or surround a picture or a looking-glass. It is always much preferable, where the arrangement of the room permits it, for the plates to stand than to be hung, and to this end a long wooden bracket may be placed above the door, made in the shape of a low open wooden balustrade, behind the pillars of which the plates may be placed, the greater portion of the plate showing above. All combinations of several plates together in velvet frames are objectionable: there is something absurd in the notion of a plate requiring a frame at all. For this reason the recent practice of framing single plates in black wood and gold is, we think, unadvisable, and tends to take away from the character of the art—to try and make the beholder think of it in the same way as he would of an ordinary painting.

Then, of course, one must have tiles every where—at least that's the present fashion—and the consequence is that we have them in the most unsuitable places. For a climate like that of England a tiled wall is an abomination for eight months in the year, if there were no other reason against it. But there is another very serious reason, and that is that tiles are utterly destructive of any thing that is hung upon the same wall; as a matter of fact, they are only fitted to form the sole decoration of the place in which they are found. The one place where tiles are of real service is the hearth and fire-place, though even here it is better to confine them to the space about the fire, and not extend them to the mantel-piece. The reason for this is that the glow of the fire takes off any chilliness of color there may be in the blue-and-white glaze, and also they are easily kept clean, and reflect the fire-light.

As a general rule, avoid having any vases or china ornaments about on tables, intermixed with the books, writing materials, etc. They always look out of place, and a multiplicity of such things is excessively fatiguing and tedious to the eye; it should be a maxim with you in decoration that every thing which does not help your effect weakens it—there can be no medium course. The places for your china are the mantel-piece, and generally the tops of any pieces of furniture except tables in common use, the only exception to this rule being when the vase is intended to hold flowers, in which case it should be any where where people can see and smell them, and should be as graceful in form and simple in color as possible, plain white pottery being, perhaps, the most suitable of any. A horrible fashion has sprung up lately of placing imitation animals under side-tables and in various corners, which can not be too strongly reprobated. They are not beautiful, and they are perfectly useless, and generally in the way. And lastly, make your room your first object, and your china the second, for it is quite subsidiary in interest to pictures, at all events in most people's opinion, and only suffers from being forced into the foremost place. In my next and last article on the subject of "Popular Art" I shall speak generally of ornamentation and color.—*London Spectator.*

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The operations of the United States Fish Commission in reference to the introduction of shad into the Western waters were commenced in 1872, 30,000 fry having been placed in the Alleghany at Salamanca, New York, and 25,000 in the Mississippi at St. Paul. A second deposit of 200,000 fish was made at Salamanca some weeks later, and half that number, perhaps, in the White River at Indianapolis, Indiana.

Few persons, on learning of the delivery of this comparatively small number of insignificant fishes, scarcely over a quarter of an inch in length, to the tender mercies of the great system of waters of the Ohio River, and through it connecting with the Mississippi, would ever have expected to hear from them again, in view of the fact that their destiny demanded their descent to the Gulf of Mexico, their sojourn there for a period of several years, and their return toward the point from which they started. In this, however, is involved the success of the experiment of introducing food fishes into a great area previously destitute. The hopes and fears of those interested in the problem have latterly been happily put to rest, the United States Commissioner having received on the 15th of May a fine genuine four-pound white shad, taken at Louisville, and forwarded by the Fish Commissioners of Kentucky.

According to their report, some forty or fifty shad had been taken daily for some time previous with a drag seine of only thirty or forty yards in length, this being swept from the shore, outside of the channel, in water not over three or four feet deep.

It is well known that a large herring is found throughout the waters of the United States, both those of the Atlantic coast and of the Gulf of Mexico, which ascends the Mississippi River, and which has not unfrequently been mistaken for the true shad, several specimens of this having been sent to Washington under a mistaken impression in regard to them. Of the true character of the one just received there is no doubt whatever.

Many millions of young shad have been planted in the tributaries of the Mississippi since 1873, and preparations are now being made for renewing the work on a larger scale than usual during the present season. As, however, a four years' period is well established as that required for the maturing of the shad, and as the fish always return to spawn to the place from which they started, there is every reason to believe that the Louisville catch is a portion of the stock planted at Salamanca or in the White River, and which are now on their way up, and that, with the proper means of capture, they will be heard from at other points. Any fact bearing on this point should be communicated to the United States Commissioner, Professor Baird, at Washington.

Mr. Francis Wolle, of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, has published in the Bulletin of the Torrey Botanical Club the description of one hundred species of fresh-water algæ found in the United States, additional to those given by Dr. H. C. Wood, Jun., of Philadelphia, in a memoir published some years ago by the Smithsonian Institution. A few of these are new, but for the most part they have been previously described by European authors, a number of them by Dr. Alexander Braun, whose death we have recently noticed.

Professor C. V. Riley, State Entomologist of Missouri, publishes his ninth annual report upon the noxious, beneficial, and other insects of the State, and gives much valuable and practical information on the subject. Professor Riley is well known as one of the best of practical entomologists, and is at present at the head of the commission authorized by Congress at the last session to investigate the subject of the Rocky Mountain locust, and the best method of preventing its ravages. In the present work he gives an elaborate report, accompanied by a map, showing the distribution of this terrible pest, which covers a very large area, reaching from Texas into the British Provinces, and from the Rocky Mountains to the borders of Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, and Minnesota, involving the whole of Dakota. The other noxious species referred to are the gooseberry span-worm, imported and native currant worm, the strawberry worm, the pine worms, the Colorado potato-beetle, and the army-worms. Among the innocuous insects are mentioned the hellgrammite and the yucca borer.

A new monthly astronomical journal, entitled *The Observatory*, is announced by Mr. H. M. Christie. It is published by Messrs. Taylor & Francis, of London, and has been assured of the co-operation of many eminent astronomers and physicists. The object is to present, in a popular form, a general view of the progress of astronomy by forwarding early intelligence of advances in the science.

The party under charge of Dr. Finsch, of Bremen, engaged during 1875 and 1876 in the exploration of Northern Siberia, met in the mountains of Tobolsk a peasant who promised to send them, packed in ice, specimens of the *Coregoni*, or white-fish of the country, which are very excellent in that region. Some time ago Dr. Finsch received from Tobolsk a box which, on being opened, was found to contain a series of samples of the fishes referred to, all in excellent condition. They had been packed in ice and forwarded a distance of over 3000 miles, and occupied eighty-three days in the transit.

An interesting addition has been made to the mammalian fauna of the United States in the discovery by Dr. James C. Merrill, U.S.A., at Brownsville, Texas, of a specimen of the *Coati mundi*. The precise species has not been identified, but it is doubtless one of several found in Mexico and Central America. This animal is about the size of the raccoon, and is closely related to it, but is distinguished by a much longer and more slender nose. This specimen has been sent to the Zoological Gardens of Philadelphia, with instructions to transmit it to the National Museum at Washington whenever it dies.

Astronomical science has lately experienced a loss in the death of Dr. C. Bremiker, which took place on the 26th of March, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. His astronomical work has been extended and important, but latterly he has been more particularly occupied in connection with the geodetical work prosecuted under the direction of General Bäyer.

We understand that we are likely to have a visit in this country in the course of the summer from Dr. J. D. Hooker, president of the Royal Society, and director of the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew. He will be accompanied by his wife, whom he married last summer, and who was the widow of the well-known naturalist Sir William Jardine. Dr. Hooker's first wife, his coadjutor in so many of his botanical labors, whom he lost a few years ago, was the daughter of the celebrated botanist Professor Henslow, and granddaughter of another botanist, the Rev. Dawson Turner.

Great alarm is felt both on the continent of Europe and in England with regard to a probable invasion of the Colorado beetle. Individuals were captured last year at several wharves and landing-places, and the potato crop will be watched with great anxiety during the spring and summer.

The following account of the transformations of the house fly, by Dr. A. S. Packard, may interest our readers at this season:

"The eggs of the house fly are long, slender, and cylindrical; but with a shell so dense that early embryonic phases can not be watched, though enough can be seen to determine that the mode of growth is nearly the same as that of the flesh-fly, as observed by Dr. Weismann. They are hatched in the space of twenty-four hours, in warm manure, and the maggot moults twice, becoming sensibly larger at each stage. The first moult is at the end of one day, and at this time it differs from the preceding stage by the addition of the spiracle near the head, and is a very little larger. At the end of twenty-four to thirty-six hours it sheds its skin, and enters upon the third stage, which lasts three or four days. The end of the body is truncated, and bears two short tubercles or spiracles, each with three sinuous openings, with protections to exclude dust and dirt. When about to transform into the chrysalis state, the body turns brown and hard, forming a case, the head and thoracic segments die, and those of the pupa arise from minute disks attached to the smaller nerves or trachea in the body of the worm, as was discovered by Weismann. After a short pupal sleep of from five to seven days, one end of the pupa case is pushed off, and, with a very striking change, physical and psychological, the maggot, living a life of squalor in its revolting food, is transformed into the volant, cursorial being, animated by new instincts and mental traits."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Women are going into the insurance business. And when a comely woman enters a man's office, hitches up her chair, places a fair hand on his arm, and begins to talk about policies, he feels as if his life ought to be insured pretty soon. And this feeling is greatly augmented should his wife drop in unexpectedly during the interview.

"Go away; you're too heavy to hold on my knee," said a cross young man to his sweetheart's little brother. "Me too heavy!" exclaimed the child; "why, I ain't near so heavy as Eliza, and you hold her on your knee easy enough!" Eliza also then told him to go away.

Royal Road to Learning.—"Skip the hard words, honey dear," said an Irish school-mistress to one of her pupils; "they are only the names of foreign countries, and you will never be in them."

They tell of a Kentucky school-master who had his wife for a pupil, and found it necessary to chastise her one day. Next day a notice appeared on the door saying, "School closed for one week—school-master is ill."

"Mamma, if we cross the bridge at night, must we pay toll?" "Of course, my dear: why do you ask?" "Why, because the river will have gone home to sleep." "Oh, the river never sleeps." "Then why has it a bed, mamma?"

Recent investigations warrant the assertion that one baby with a cracker biscuit will make the couch of wearied industry more uncomfortable than fifteen prize mosquitoes.

"The single-scull race!" exclaimed an old lady, as she laid down the morning paper. "My gracious! I didn't know there was a race of men with double skulls!"

Some one was praising the British public schools to Charles Landseer, and said, "All our best men were public-school men. Look at our poets. There's Byron—he was a Harrow boy." "Yes," interrupted Charles, "and there's Burns—he was a *ploughboy.*"

A wit being told that an old acquaintance was married, exclaimed, "I am glad to hear it." But, reflecting a moment, he added, in a tone of compassion and forgiveness, "And yet I don't know why I should be; he never did me any harm."

The new Cook (*on receiving "short" notice to leave, with a hint that she has given a false character*). "An' is it me false charácther ye're afther castin' in me teeth! As if I'd be bringin' me thrue characther wid me, to lose it in your dirty sarvice!"

Stumbling into his room, he sat down on the edge of the bed and soliloquized thus: "Fee' wet, tight boots, a sore on one han', an' a felon on t'other, and no boot-jack in the house. Sings got to be different. Either I mus' get married, else get a boot-jack—wishall I do?"

HOBART PASHA.

On this page we give a portrait of Hobart Pasha, the distinguished English naval officer, whose career as a blockade-runner has made him famous both here and in the East. The Hon. Augustus Hobart, a son of the Earl of Buckinghamshire—an English nobleman in holy orders and occupant of a prebendal stall—was born in 1822. He entered the Royal Navy, and within a comparatively short time attained the rank of captain. At the time of our great civil war, having retired from active service, though still in receipt of half-pay from the English government, Captain Hobart appeared on the Atlantic coast as a blockade-runner. The daring and success with which he kept up communications and conveyed munitions of war to the Southern army made him a special object of annoyance to the commanders of Federal vessels engaged in guarding the several ports.

When the Cretan insurrection broke out in 1867, Captain Hobart, having entered the Turkish naval service, was intrusted with the command of the squadron designed to blockade the island. The Greek government promptly called the attention of Parliament to this fact, and the Admiralty, at the instance of the Foreign Office, struck his name off the British Navy List. In 1874, Admiral Hobart Pasha addressed a letter to Lord Derby, admitting that he committed a breach of naval discipline by accepting service under the Turkish government without leave, but adding: "During seven years that have elapsed since that time I have endeavored to maintain the character of an Englishman for zeal, activity, and sagacity, and I have been fortunate enough to obtain a certain European reputation of which I hope I may be justly proud. I prevented by my conduct during a very critical period at the end of the Cretan revolution (while I was in command of a large Turkish fleet) much bloodshed, and, many people think, a European war. I have organized the Turkish navy in a way which has led to high encomiums as to its state from all the commanders-in-chief of the English fleets who have lately visited Constantinople. I have established naval schools, training and gunnery ships (and here I have been ably assisted by English naval officers). While doing all this toward strengthening the navy of our ally, I naturally have made many enemies.... All that they can find to say (and it is bitter enough) is, 'He has been dismissed the English service,' without, of course, explaining the cause. This is most painful to me, and is very detrimental to my already difficult position." He therefore asked that his offense might be overlooked, and that he might be relieved from "the ban of disgrace."

The result was that on the 3d of November, 1874, Lord Derby relented by intimating to the Admiralty that the re-instatement of Captain Hobart might, he thought, be accorded, as "a matter of imperial policy, without affording a precedent detrimental to the discipline of the service." In this way the commander of the Turkish fleet was placed on the retired list of her Majesty's navy, and thus entitled to the usual pension.

Since the beginning of the present war, the fact of Captain Hobart's continuing to hold rank and receive pay in the British navy, while at the same time commanding that of Turkey, has been so strenuously condemned in Parliament that Lord Derby was finally compelled to inform the brilliant officer that he must make a choice between the two flags. Upon this Hobart Pasha obtained an audience with the Sultan, who offered him an increase of pay if he would continue in the service of the Porte. A satisfactory arrangement was soon completed, and the Englishman having finally transferred his allegiance to Turkey, the name of Augustus Hobart was formally erased from the lists of the British navy.

The services of Hobart Pasha in the cause of the Crescent against the Cross were inaugurated by a brilliant dash on the Danube, the history of which may be gathered from the following extract taken from the letter of a newspaper correspondent at Constantinople, which was published in the London *Telegraph*, under date of April 30:

"The account of Hobart Pasha's defiance of the Russians on the Danube makes a thrilling story. It is stated that while his vessel was lying near Rustchuk the Turkish authorities received intelligence of the arrival of the Russians at Galatz, and that they were placing torpedoes in the river. Hobart Pasha was advised to leave his steamer in the Danube, and return to Constantinople *via* Varna; but disdaining all such counsel, he declared that he would rather blow up his ship than desert her. Night approaching, he made every thing ready for running into the Black Sea in opposition to all Russian hostile intentions, getting clear fires under the boilers of his craft in order to avoid smoke from her funnel, and making other arrangements. The *Rethymo*, be it said, is a very fast boat, capable of steaming at the rate of fifteen knots an hour. When Hobart Pasha started on his daring expedition the Danube current was running swiftly, being estimated at fully five knots an hour. Upon nearing Galatz, he found that heavily armed Russian batteries commanded the river, looking capable of sinking any thing afloat, besides the torpedoes reported to be hidden beneath the water.

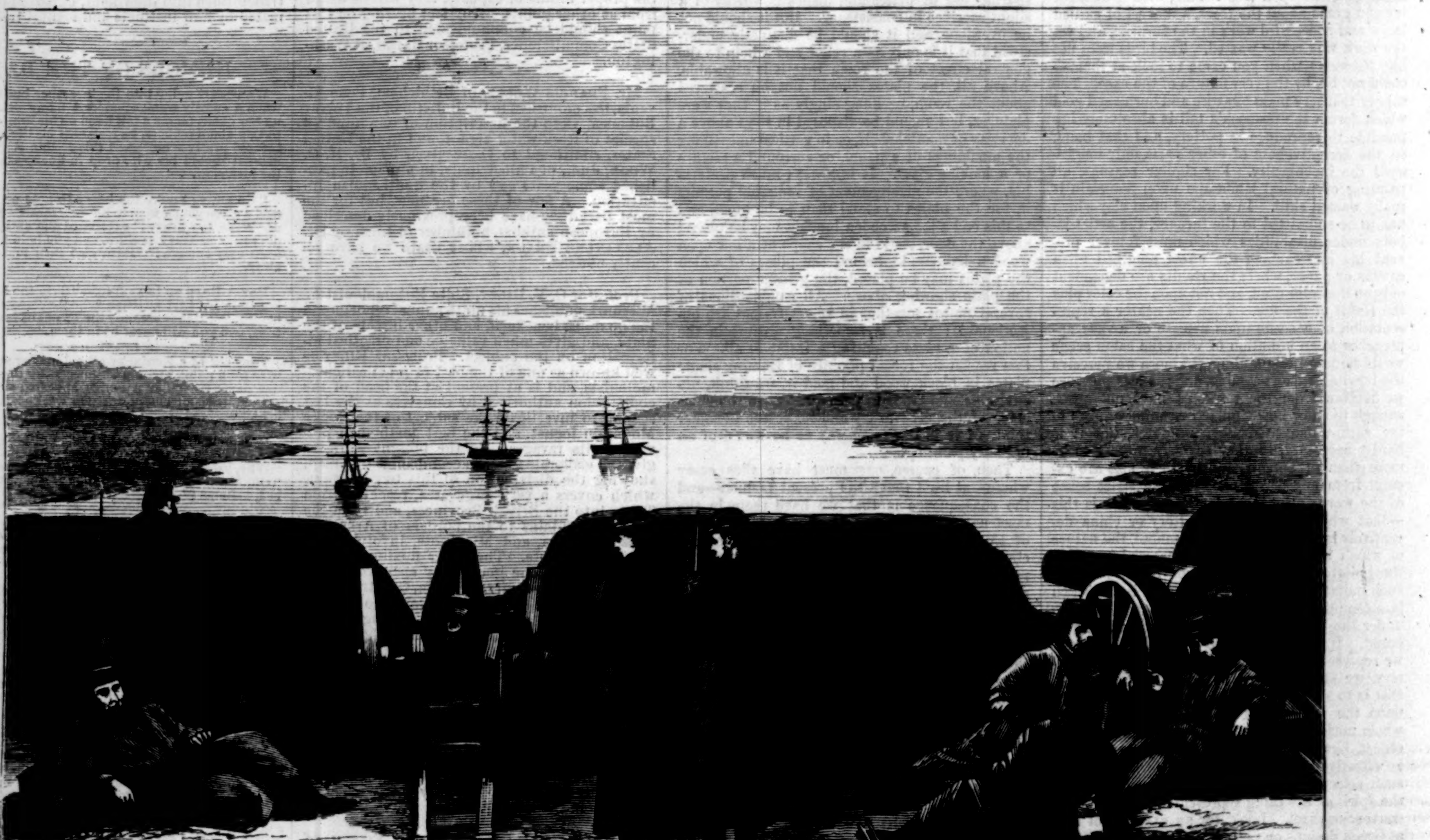
"Immediately it was dark, the word was passed, 'Lights out,' and the steamer sped rapidly along. The batteries were soon reached, and the Russian lanterns, the heavy guns, and soldiers in great numbers were clearly visible to those who managed the saucy *Rethymo*, when suddenly a rocket was sent up from the Roumanian shore to apprise the Muscovite gunners of Hobart Pasha's coming. Other rockets followed in quick succession, then the hoarse word of command was distinctly heard, bugles sounded, and the beat merrily summoning the Russians to their posts. Hobart Pasha expected every moment to be blown out of the water by the fire of the heavy guns he was treating so cavalierly, but being determined to make efforts in some degree proportionate to the great risks he was facing, he ran his vessel close inshore, not forty meters from the batteries themselves—indeed, so near that the Russian gunners were unable to depress their pieces sufficiently fast to get a good aim. His boat went quickly by at twenty knots an hour, and soon all danger was over. When satisfied he had nothing to fear from his enemies, Hobart Pasha ordered the crew of the *Rethymo*, which carries one 40-pounder Armstrong gun, to throw one shell into the centre of the Russian camp—an order which was quickly obeyed, the missile bursting in the midst of the Muscovite tents. Its effects were, of course, unknown, but it was the first cannon-shot fired upon the Danube in the Russo-Turkish war. Hobart Pasha subsequently proceeded to Constantinople, where he received a hearty welcome and enthusiastic congratulations."

But notwithstanding the gallantry of Hobart Pasha and the men under his command, it is doubtful whether the Turkish Monitors can perform efficient service in preventing the Russians from crossing that river. Already two vessels of this description have been destroyed. The destruction of the last one was accomplished by means of torpedoes, against which no precautions appear to be effectual.

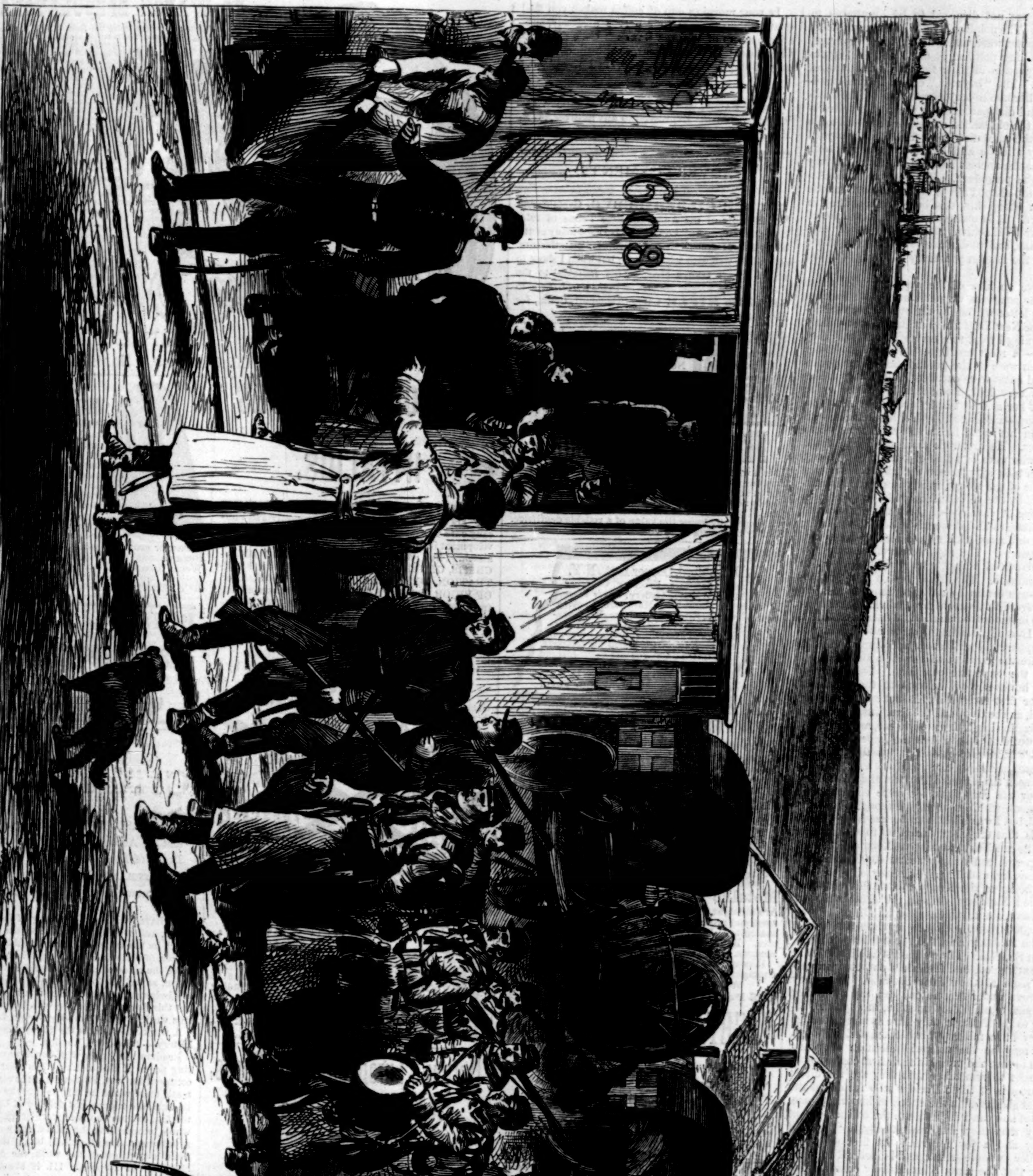
HOBART PASHA.

RUSSIAN TROOPS AT THE RAILWAY STATION, JASSY.

The town of Jassy, in Moldavia, if we may judge of its appearance from the view given by our artist of the railway station, is by no means



RUSSIAN FIELD-GUNS COMMANDING THE DANUBE AT THE MOUTH OF THE PRUTH.



RUSSIAN TROOPS AT THE RAILWAY STATION, JASSY.

an attractive place. Situated on the slope of the Kopoberg Mountains, near the borders of Bessarabia, and about ten miles west of the Pruth, it is surrounded by much that is beautiful and picturesque in the way of scenery; but, if we may believe the accounts of travellers, the town itself is little more than a blot on the landscape. It was apparently laid out without the least view to arrangement or symmetry, and in the crooked streets the most pretentious mansions that the town contains will be found sandwiched between huts of the most inferior description. The thoroughfares are covered with dust in summer and with mud in winter. The inhabitants are scarcely able to go from one point to another without a conveyance, and every one except the Jew and the mendicant contrives in some manner to ride. Jassy contains ninety ecclesiastical edifices of one description and another. The population amounts to about 90,000, of which nearly one-half are Jews. Little progress has been made in manufactures and other industries, and the town is supported chiefly by the trade which it carries on in agricultural products.

Jassy was formerly the capital of Moldavia; but that province has been united with Wallachia, and at present forms part of the principality of Roumania. Both Moldavia and Wallachia are noted for the healthfulness of their climate. Their summer and winter seasons are very long, and the quick transitions give the inhabitants little idea of what we call spring and autumn. Disease is unusual among them, and it has long been observed that cholera in its sweeping forays across the European continent is less fatal and enduring in Roumania than in any other country. The people live to a good old age, and it is a boast among them that what diseases they are afflicted with must be brought thither from other provinces, as there are none indigenous to the soil. In spite of this they are an indolent unenterprising people.

As a race the Moldo-Wallachians are tall, strong, and comely. The usual type of countenance is oblong in shape, the hair black, thick and well-arched brows, a brilliant eye, small lips, and white teeth. It has been remarked that while the Moldo-Wallachians of the cities and towns betray a Greek type of physiognomy, those of the rural districts still retain marked Roman features. The upper classes are excessively and even ludicrously haughty. They keep themselves ostentatiously aloof from the rest of the commu-

nity, and are not disposed to be hospitable to strangers. The nobility, divided into many grades, and numerous, were, under the old order of things, the controlling political element, and still retain no small portion of their formerly unquestioned authority. The "boyards," or old Dacian nobility, have become much degenerated by the fashionable and dissipated life of the city, but the remains of the old landed aristocracy are still to be found in the rural districts. The country boyard is usually athletic and handsome, and retaining as he does the ancient national costume, is a very picturesque personage. He wears a black Astrakhan cap shaped like a turban, a large mantle of fur or sheep-skin, this being embroidered in gay colors. It is observed that the costumes of the upper Wallachian peasants with their sandals, cloaks, and tunics, are very similar to those worn by the Roman peasantry in the days of the Empire.

To give an idea of the appearance of these handsome peasants, we venture to quote from an amusing letter written by the special correspondent of the New York *Times* at Bucharest: "Early this morning I went to a review of the Bucharest garrison—a most creditable affair. Only about 5000 men were on the ground, but their appearance and outfit were excellent, and if they are as good as they look, Roumania has cause to be proud of her army. The Prince CHARLES was on the ground—a heavy, sleepy-looking German, with a seat on his horse like a salt-sack attached to two poles. He first rode along the front of the troops, who were in a line of battalions in mass, and then took his place on a slight eminence for the defile of the troops, which was made remarkably well by twelve battalions of infantry and six squadrons of cavalry—of these three squadrons of red hussars and three of chasseurs, the latter in blue uniforms, with spiked steel helmets like the Prussians. The men were well mounted on Hungarian-bred horses, admirably sized, and in good condition. The artillery—ten four-gun batteries—was drawn by animals 'requisitioned' by the government from private individuals, costing in some instances as much as 200 ducats, or $1000, each. Last of all came the ambulance train, provided apparently with every appliance necessary to insure the comfort of the sick and wounded during the expected campaign. This body of troops, however, only belongs to the territorial army, or first reserve, and is not so good, I was assured, as the troops of the first line, who, as an enthusiastic citizen declared to me, are the finest in the world. 'I have seen the Imperial Guard,' he said, and tears of exultation actually welled up in his eyes as he spoke, 'in the days before Sedan; I have seen the legions of Austria and of Prussia; but they are conscripts, Sir, mere conscripts, in comparison with our men.' I thought he exaggerated, but I was silent, and he was happy. The truth is that criticism, except as to appearance, should be cautious regarding the Roumanian army. On paper, it can muster about 40,000 infantry, 2000 cavalry, and 100 guns, many of their batteries being of the Krupp model, the rest what we called Napoleon guns in the American war. The reserves and militia show an effective force of 150,000 more. All the regulars are armed with the Peabody rifle, the second line with percussion Enfields. Their administrative service is apparently good, and their field and company officers seem to know their business. How they will prove under fire, no one can say until they have been tried. They must be, in any case, superior to the Turks, if they have as much courage as they have military instruction, and although there may be the natural hesitation of young troops to face the music in their first engagement, we ought to remember that they are the direct descendants of those Dacians who furnished the bravest gladiators in the sports of imperial Rome.

"But how can I do justice to the officers, except to say that they are, emphatically, a 'thing of beauty and a joy forever.' At first sight the traveller is dumb-struck, and is inclined to fancy either that the army is exclusively composed of captains and lieutenants, or that the number of privates should be estimated by hundreds of thousands. One meets few privates—they are being dispatched to the front—but is elbowed at every step by some gorgeous creatures in gold-lace, buttons, and aiguillettes, with a little cloth let in to keep the ornaments together, and give them, as it were, the necessary solidity. I have not seen a general closely, but my eyes ache in anticipation of his dazzling splendor."

THE name Cashmere Bouquet, as applied to Toilet Soaps and Perfumery, is registered and patented as a trade-mark by COLGATE & Co., New York. Purchasers, however, need hardly to be warned against infringements; the genuine article is so universally esteemed as to have made the names Cashmere Bouquet and COLGATE & Co. nearly synonymous.—[*Com.*]

THE superiority of *Burnett's Flavoring Extracts* consists in their perfect purity and great strength.—[*Com.*]

PERSONS who require a stimulant, but who dislike to drink whisky or other strong liquors for fear of becoming drunkards, will find in Schenck's Seaweed Tonic a beverage which does not create a thirst for alcholic liquors. It is wholesome and invigorating. For sale by all druggists.—[*Com.*]

HELP for the weak, nervous, and debilitated; chronic and painful diseases cured without medicine. Electric Belts and other appliances, all about them, and how to distinguish the genuine from the spurious. Book, with full particulars, mailed free. Address PULVERMACHER GALVANIC CO., 292 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.—[*Com.*]

IF your morning cup of coffee makes you feel qualmish, or renders your nerves unsteady, substitute a cup of WALTER BAKER & Co.'s delicious Chocolate. It is nutritious, healthful, and very easy of preparation. All grocers sell it.—[*Com.*]

BADEN-BADEN. Gout mixture. Relief at once. Try it. $3 per bottle. Expressed to any address. WM. M. CATERSON, M.D., 140 N. 6th St., Phila.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

JUDGE GILDERSLEEVE, Captain and Member of the American Rifle Teams of 1874, 1875, and 1876, says: "I own and have used many of the best rifles of American and European manufacture, and can do well with any of them; but when I shoot to win, I always take a Sharp's '*Old Reliable*' to the Field." *Sharp's Rifles are the best in the world.* Send to **SHARPS RIFLE CO.,** Bridgeport, Conn., for Illustrated Price-List.

DONT NEGLECT YOUR TEETH

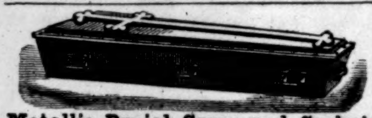
Pure white teeth and a sweet breath are, as the poet says, "an excellent thing in man and woman." Nothing adds so much to the personal appearance as a fine set of teeth, and to neglect their care is inexcusable. To keep them free from scurf, and spotless as pearls, cleanse them daily with

FRAGRANT SOZODONT.

It is a wholesome Botanical preparation, and has a refreshing effect upon the mouth. *Repulsive Breath,* arising from Catarrh or use of tobacco and liquors, is completely neutralized by the use of Sozodont. It is loudly praised by artists of the dramatic and lyric profession, who especially know the value of a reliable dentifrice. Sold by Druggists every where.

E. D. Bassford, Cooper Inst., N.Y.
China, Glassware, Crockery, Chamber and Table Ware, Cutlery, Silver Ware, House Furnishing Hardware, Cooking Utensils, Kitchen Furniture, Refrigerators, Cream Freezers, Children's Carriages, and everything for the house and table. Enclose 3c. stamp for complete Illustrated Catalogue and Price-List and **save 50 per cent.**—Goods carefully delivered or shipped free.—E. D. BASSFORD, COOPER INST., NEW YORK.

BATHS OF HOMBURG,
Near Frankfort-on-the-Maine.
Mineral Springs much resembling those of Saratoga, but more efficacious (in diseases of the stomach and the liver, and attacks of gout). Unrivaled summer climate. Sovereign cure in nervous debility. All kinds of amusements. Superb lodging-houses at moderate prices.



Metallic Burial Cases and Caskets
Are air-tight, indestructible, preserving the body for ages, and protecting it from vermin, reptiles, or body-snatching. In all sizes, from cheapest to most expensive. Kept or can be procured by Undertakers or Sextons. Special attention to orders by telegraph.
Recommended by Board of Health for funerals of contagious diseases.
W. M. RAYMOND M'F'G CO.,
406 Pearl St., and 12 New Bowery, N.Y.

VEGETABLE PEST POISON.

A safe, cheap, and sure Death to **Potato Bugs, Cabbage, Currant,** and **Cotton Worms,** and all **Pests** that **Prey on Vegetation.** Dissolves in water; is applied by sprinkling. No injury to plants. No danger in using. Circulars with testimonials. Quarter pound sample package, by mail, 30 cts.; enough for an acre. Discount to dealers. **JOHN REED,**
P.O. Box 3429. 12 Cliff Street, N. Y.

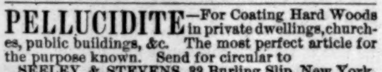
ROSES ARE OUR **SPECIALTY**
Strong Pot Roses, suitable for immediate flowering, *your choice,* all labeled, sent safely by mail, postpaid. **5** splendid varieties for **$1; 12** for **$2; 19** for **$3; 26** for **$4; 35** for **$5. 20c.** additional gets **two Magnificent Premium Roses.** See **OUR NEW GUIDE TO ROSE CULTURE,** and choose from over **300** finest sorts. We make Roses a great specialty, and are the *largest Rose-Growers in America.* THE DINGEE & CONARD Co., West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

F. J. KALDENBERG,
MANUFACTURER OF

MEERSCHAUM PIPES,
Cigar-Holders, &c.
Wholesale and Retail. Received First Prize at the Centennial.
Send for Illustrated Price-List.
Repairing, Boiling, Silver-Mounting, &c.
STORES: { **117 Fulton St.,** / **6 Astor House** (B'WAY), } New York.

LIFE AND HEALTH WITHOUT DRUGS.
BLUE and RED LIGHT.
Dr. PANCOAST'S Great Work is now ready for agents. J. M. STODDART & Co., 723 Chestnut St., Phila.

Breech-Loading Rifle, $7.50.



Revolvers, 7-Shot, $3 00. English Double Shot-Gun, $12 00. Send for Circular.
HOMER FISHER, 260 Broadway, N.Y.

PELLUCIDITE—For Coating Hard Woods in private dwellings, churches, public buildings, &c. The most perfect article for the purpose known. Send for circular to
SEELEY & STEVENS, 32 Burling Slip, New York.

C. STEHR, Manufacturer of **Meerschaum Pipes & Cigar Holders.** Wholesale and retail. Send for Circular and Price-List. **347 Broome Street.** Medal awarded at Centennial, 1876.

25 EXTRA FINE Mixed Cards, with name, 10c., postpaid. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N.Y.

TO WATCH SPECULATORS!
We have the best Imitation Gold Watch in the Market for Trading Purposes. The metal is a composition of other metals, so closely resembling gold that the best judges find it difficult to detect the difference, except by a chemical test, and it has the virtues requisite to make it the best substitute for gold known. GENUINE AMERICAN MOVEMENT. EXPANSION BALANCE. BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED OR ENGINE TURNED HUNTING CASES, and equal in appearance to a **GOLD WATCH THAT COST FROM $150 to $200.** It sells and trades readily, for from $60 to $100, and if you wish a watch for your own use or to make money on, try this. Owing to our large sales, we are enabled to reduce the price of them to **$12 each with an elegant Chain attached.** They are used on Railroads, Steamers, and in Manufactories, and other places where accurate time is required, and gives general satisfaction. We send them by Mail or Express, on receipt of $12, to any part of the Country, or it will be sent C.O.D. when the customer desires and remits $3 on account. These Elegant CHAINS weigh about Fifty Pennyweights, and the same pattern in pure gold would cost $100. We sell these Chains at $3 each. But we sell the Watch and Chain for $12, sent by Mail in a Registered Package, post-paid, to any Post Office in the United States.
WE SELL THE WATCH WITHOUT THE CHAIN FOR $10.
J. BRIDE & CO.,
Clinton Place, & No. 11 Eighth Street, N. Y.

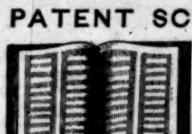
TO CONSUMPTIVES AND INVALIDS.

WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITE OF LIME AND SODA will promptly and radically cure Consumption and absolutely prevent its development in all cases of Predisposition or threatened attack. For WEAK LUNGS, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, GENERAL DEBILITY, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, DYSPEPSIA or INDIGESTION, LOSS OF VIGOR and APPETITE, and all diseases arising from POVERTY OF THE BLOOD, **WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITE OF LIME AND SODA** IS A SPECIFIC, being unequaled as a VITALIZING TONIC, and BRAIN, NERVE, and BLOOD FOOD.

Price **$1** and **$2** per bottle. Prepared only by
WINCHESTER & CO., Chemists,
Sold by Druggists. **36 John St., New York.**

THE AMERICAN EAGLE. Our new self-inking Printing Press, is a marvel for simplicity and efficiency, and sold for the low price of **$10.**
THE LIGHTNING Press, for professional card printers, with patent card shoot, has been run at the rate of 3500 an hour; a splendid press, and is cheap at **$30.**
The CENTENNIAL Printing Press, the best cheap press ever made, sold at TWO DOLLARS! A complete printing office, press, ink, three fonts of type, &c., sold at **$5.**
Send for a Circular. A Book of Type, &c., ten cents. Address the manufacturers, 35 Murray St., New York.
YOUNG AMERICA PRESS COMPANY

MARK TWAIN'S
PATENT SCRAP-BOOK.



Gummed ready to receive your scraps.
No paste or mucilage required. Prices from $1 25 to $3 50 each, including postage. Send for Descriptive Circular.
Slote, Woodman, & Co.,
119 & 121 William St., N.Y.

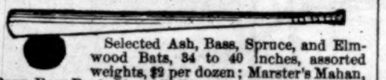
Harper's European Guide-Books,
PUBLISHED YEARLY IN 3 VOLS.
PRICE, $3 00 PER VOL.
COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME, $7 00.

Vol. I. Great Britain, France, Belgium, and Holland.
Vol. II. Germany, Austria, Italy, and the East.
Vol. III. Switzerland, Russia, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Spain.

☞ *The Vols. Sold Separately, and either of them sent by mail on receipt of Three Dollars.*

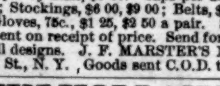
HARPER'S PHRASE-BOOK, in English, French, German, and Italian. Price, $1 50.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.



Selected Ash, Bass, Spruce, and Elmwood Bats, 34 to 40 inches, assorted weights, $2 per dozen; Marster's Mahan, Ryan, Ross Professional Balls, $15 per dozen; ½ dozen, $7 50. Sample by mail, $1 30. Caps per dozen, $4 50, $6 00, $9 00; Stockings, $6 00, $9 00; Belts, $3 00, $6 00; Catcher's Gloves, 75c., $1 25, $2 50 a pair. Samples of the above sent on receipt of price. Send for Catalogue of Base Ball designs. J. F. MARSTER'S New Store, 125 Nassau St., N. Y., Goods sent C.O.D. to all parts.

JOHN HOLLAND'S GOLD PENS



Received the Centennial Medal from the Judges on Awards for "superior elasticity and general excellence." If not sold by your Stationer, send for Illustrated Price-List to the
Manufactory, 19 W. 4th St., Cincinnati.

Imitation Gold Watches
$15, $20 and $25 each. Chains $2 to $12, to match. Jewelry of the same. Sent C. O. D., by Express. Send stamp for Illustrated Circular COLLINS METAL WATCH FACTORY, 335 Broadway, New York. Box 3696

KEEP your bird in health and song by using SINGER'S Patent Gravel Paper. For sale by all druggists and bird dealers. Depot, 582 Hudson St., N. Y.

GOSSAMER
WATERPROOF GARMENTS
Get the Genuine! Beware of Worthless Imitations! Ask for the Gossamer Waterproof Garments, and see for yourself that our trade-mark, "GOSSAMER WATERPROOF, MANUFACTURED BY GOSSAMER RUBBER CLOTHING CO., BOSTON," is stamped on the loop of the garment. None are genuine without they are so stamped. Our garments never under any exposure, to either cold or warm weather, adhere together, or grow soft and worthless. No *Lady or Gentleman* should be without one of our *Rubber Garments.* Weigh from 9 to 16 ounces, can be easily carried in the pocket. Send for Illustrated circular. GOSSAMER RUBBER CLOTHING CO., 289 Devonshire St., Boston.

BOYS AND MEN, LOOK!

FAVORITE
Self-Ink'g Press $16
Presses **$3** to **$150.** Send **10c. for 100 Page Book** Presses, Type, &c., illustrated and worth **$1.**
GORHAM & CO.
Boston, Mass.

KINGLAKE'S
Crimean War.

THE INVASION OF THE CRIMEA: its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE. With Maps and Plans. Three Vols. now ready. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00 per vol.

We have here a work worthy of the author's reputation, and worthy of the labor, the years of labor, which he has expended upon it. Like the writings of Foster, of Hallam, of Macaulay, there is in every sentence the trace of care—of love for the subject treated. The art of composition, as well as for the subject treated. The reader's judgment may sometimes clash with the author's; but this does not interfere with his admiration for a true work of art.—*Quarterly Review,* London.

A work which is, in the fullest sense of the word, history.—*Athenæum,* London.

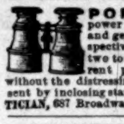
Readers will linger with devotion over the fascinating pages of this history. His clear analysis of the causes of the war, his picture of the campaign, the dramatic force which he throws into the story of the battle-field, the triumphant defense of Lord Raglan from the foul calumnies which were heaped upon him—the whole tempered by the calm dignity of a philosophical judgment—are all grand; but, if these are the magnetic attractions of the work, the dissection of the character of Napoleon III. is absolutely electrical. —*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send the above work by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

YOU ask WHY we can sell First-Class 7 1-3 Octave Rosewood Pianos for $290. Our answer is, that it costs less than $300 to make any $600 Piano sold through Agents, all of whom make 100 per ct. profit. We have no Agents, but sell DIRECT to Families, at Factory price, and warrant five years. We send our Pianos everywhere for trial, and require no payment unless they are found satisfactory. Send for our Illustrated Circular, which gives full particulars, and contains the names of over 1500 Bankers, Merchants and Families that are using our Pianos in every State of the Union. Please state where you saw this notice. Address,
U. S. PIANO CO., 810 Broadway, N. Y.

BARLOW'S INDIGO BLUE. THE FAMILY WASH BLUE. D. S. WILTBERGER, Proprietor, 233 North Second St., Philadelphia.



PORTABILITY, combined with great power in FIELD, MARINE, TOURISTS', OPERA, and general out door day and night double perspective glasses; will show objects distinctly from two to six miles. Spectacles of the greatest transparent power to strengthen and improve the sight without the distressing results of frequent changes. Catalogues sent by inclosing stamp. **SEMMONS,** OCULISTS, OPTICIAN, 687 Broadway, N. Y

VANDERBURGH, WELLS, & CO. Wood Type and Borders, Cabinets, "Strong Slat" Cases, Stands, and Galleys. Complete Newspaper outfits. 16 and 18 Dutch Street, corner Fulton, New York.

$100.00 REWARD. This MOUSTACHE or HEAVY BEARD produced on a smooth face by the use of DYKES BEARD ELIXIR, without injury, or will forfeit $100.00. Price by mail in sealed package 25 cents, 3 packages only 50 cents. A. L. SMITH & Co., Palatine, Ill., Sole Agents.
☞ We caution the public against imitations.

50 MIXED CARDS, with name, 10c. and stamp. 25 styles Acquaintance Cards, 10c. Samples for 3c. **M. W. DOWD & CO.,** BRISTOL, CONN.

VANITY FAIR.—For Meerschaums & Cigarettes. Does not bite the tongue. Always uniform and reliable.

ROGERS' STATUARY.
$10 and Upward.
THE MOCK TRIAL
Price $20.
Illustrated Catalogues may be had on application, or will be mailed, by enclosing 10 cents to
JOHN ROGERS,
1155 Broadway,
Cor. 27th St., N.Y.

HARPER'S Household Dickens Complete.

Elegant and Cheap. 8vo. With Original Illustrations by Thos. Nast, J. Barnard, E. A. Abbey, A. B. Frost, J. Mahoney, C. S. Reinhart, and other eminent American and English Artists.

Oliver Twist; A Tale of Two Cities	Cloth, $1 00; Paper, 50 cents.
The Old Curiosity Shop	Cloth, $1 25; Paper, 75 cents.
David Copperfield; Dombey and Son; Nicholas Nickleby; Bleak House; Pickwick Papers; Martin Chuzzlewit; Little Dorrit; Barnaby Rudge; Our Mutual Friend; Christmas Stories; Great Expectations; The Uncommercial Traveller, Hard Times, and The Mystery of Edwin Drood; Pictures from Italy, Sketches by Boz, and American Notes	Cloth, $1 50; Paper, $1 00.

The Set Complete, 16 vols., Cloth, in neat box, $22.

Of all the numerous editions of Dickens, this we think is the most desirable, whether we consider the beauty and clearness of its typography, the excellence of its paper, its broad and liberal page, or the quality of its illustrations. It is just what it purports to be, pre-eminently the "Household Edition" of this fascinating writer.—*Christian Intelligencer*, N. Y.

By reason of its remarkable cheapness as well as elegance, can not fail to become immediately popular. —*Congregationalist.*

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send either of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.*

BUSINESS, PLEASURE, MEN, BOYS.

CAXTON PRESS, Self-Inking, only $14. COLUMBIAN PRESSES, Self-Inking, from $27 to $60; will do the work of a $250 Press. Presses from $3 50. Stamp for catalogue. CURTIS & MITCHELL, 15 Federal St., Boston, Mass. Established 1847.

PIANOS, 7 octave, $140; 7⅓, $150. Estab. 1856. **ORGANS**, 2 stops, $45; 7 stops, $60; 9 stops, $65; 12 stops, $84. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

TRY THE "POULTRY WORLD," for 3 months, only 35 cents, post-paid. Finely illustrated. An elegant monthly. $1.25 a year. With 12 chromos, for 75 cents extra. Address, H. H. STODDARD, Hartford, Conn.

"THE OLD-FASHIONED WELL."
Latest Popular Song, and Seven other pieces. Send 25 cts. PERRY & CO., 538 Wash. St., Boston.

PRINTING PRESSES! VICTOR! AND ENTERPRISE! Hand-Inkers, $3 to $20. Self-Inkers, $6 to $350. Large Illustrated Catalogue for 2 stamps. J. COOK & CO., Mfr's, West Meriden, Conn.

Harper's Magazine, Weekly, & Bazar.

One copy of either will be sent for one year, POSTAGE PREPAID, to any Subscriber in the United States or Canada, on receipt of Four Dollars by the Publishers.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00: Postage free.

An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, *or* BAZAR *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* FIVE SUBSCRIBERS *at $4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for $20 00, without extra copy: Postage free.*

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of HARPER & BROTHERS is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

The Volumes of the MAGAZINE commence with the Numbers for June and December of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the first Number of the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent accordingly.

The Volumes of the WEEKLY and BAZAR commence with the year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING IN HARPER'S WEEKLY AND HARPER'S BAZAR.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, $2 00 per Line; Outside Page, $4 00 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, $1 25 per Line—each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

ART, ARCHITECTURAL, and RURAL BOOKS. Order New Catalogue by Postal Card. GEO. E. WOODWARD, 136 Chambers St., N.Y.

50 Fine Cards, Damask, Repp, etc., with name on, 13 cts. CLINTON BROS., Clintonville, Conn.

50 A Week and more can be easily made by Agents selling superior Oil Paintings. THE AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION, 925 Broadway, N. Y., will sell better Pictures from 30 to 50 per cent. less than dealers. Agents wanted every where. Enclose Stamp for Price-List.

25 ELEGANT CARDS, no two alike, with name, 10c. postpaid. GEO. L REED & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

A NEW DEPARTURE. TRAVELING and local salesmen wanted. STAPLE GOODS. NO PEDDLING. Salary $75 a month. Hotel and traveling expenses paid. S. A. GRANT & CO., manufacturers of ENVELOPES and PAPER, 2, 4, 6 and 8 Home St., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

YOUR NAME Printed on 30 Cards, 30 styles, for 10c. and stamp. CLINTON BROS., Clintonville, Conn.

$40 A WEEK. Catalogue and Sample Free. FELTON & CO., 119 Nassau Street, N. Y.

25 FANCY Mixed Cards (no two alike), with name, 10c., postpaid. NASSAU CARD CO., Nassau, N. Y.

Latest, Cheapest, and Best.

HARPER'S GEOGRAPHIES.

	Trade-List Price.	Introduction.	Exchange.
Harper's Introductory Geography,	$0 60	$0 45	$0 37
" School "	1 25	94	75

A complete course in physical and political geography for intermediate and grammar schools.

Harper's Geographies are the result of the best professional skill and experience, and embody the true spirit of reform in geographical teaching. They have received the unqualified endorsement of the public press and of many prominent educators.

From E. A. STRONG, *Principal of High School, Grand Rapids, Mich.*

A somewhat careful examination of Harper's School Geography leads me to speak of it, without hesitation or reserve, as a book prepared with great thoroughness and skill, and as in every way deserving the attention of those who wish to use the best books.

The School Geography has a plan, and that plan is the best possible one, and it is all the more worthy of confidence that it is neither novel nor original, but is the product of the best thought of the age upon the great topic—the earth as formed by nature and modified by man.

This plan is faithfully carried out in the formation of a book that is a consistent and systematic whole. This point deserves special notice. The plan is not all there is of the book. It is carefully worked out with wise reference to those who are to use it.

The beauty of the illustrations and the maps, and the fullness and accuracy of the latter, will be seen at a glance, but the intimate relation of the maps to the text, and the stimulus that is presented in the "Map Questions" to their full and philosophic study, may not be so readily seen, although it constitutes one of the main excellences of the book.

A large part of the text of most common school geographies is occupied with the statement of facts which the pupil might easily learn from the maps were he but rightly directed. The book before us wisely seeks to make the pupil an investigator of the more important features of the region which he is studying. His geographical knowledge thus grows up so naturally, is so impressive in its origin, is so much his own, that it is easily retained and applied.

The industrial and commercial maps deserve special commendation. There are few adults who will not gain a more impressive view of the great facts upon which industrial progress depends by a glance at these maps.

From Rev. C. M. SELLECK, *Principal of Selleck School, Norwalk, Conn.*

I am much pleased with the subject matter and arrangement of Harper's School Geography. The illustrations are superior and the whole get up very fine. I wish to introduce it by all means. Please send me —— dozen copies.

From Col. PETER S. MICHIE, Ph.D., *Department of Natural and Experimental Philosophy, West Point Military Academy, and Superintendent of Schools of West Point.*

Let me thank you most heartily for that copy of your School Geography. There are so many new features in it of great value as a text-book that I have no doubt it will push away all others. It is just what is needed for our schools.

From Rev. GEO. H. WHITNEY, D.D., *President of Centenary Collegiate Institute, Hackettstown, N. J.*

Your beautiful and most superior geography is adopted.

From E. S. HOPKINS, *Superintendent of City Schools, Jeffersonville, Ind.*

I have examined the Geography just issued by Harper & Brothers, and consider it one of the best books on the subject I have ever seen. For elegance of design, beauty of execution, clearness, and simplicity it stands unequalled.

From CHARLES W. ELY, *Principal of Maryland Institute for Deaf and Dumb, Frederick, Md.*

I am charmed with Harper's School Geography. The paper, the type, the illustrations, the maps, are beautiful. The mechanical execution of the work can not be excelled.

I have carefully examined the subject matter, and am pleased with the whole. The attention given to political geography, the amount of space allowed to each topic, and the clearness with which the facts are stated is especially pleasing. A very valuable feature of the work is the part entitled "Commercial United States."

From W. H. STEWART, *Superintendent of Schools, Oxford, Ohio.*

I have never seen a subject presented in a more attractive manner. Any teacher with this text-book can not fail to make the study of geography interesting.

From B. F. STEM, Ph.D., *Principal of Classical and Mathematical School, Easton, Pa.*

The Geography is one of the most beautiful and complete works of the kind that I have seen. It is a perfect store-house of information. The definitions are clear, concise, and yet very complete. It does not seem to be crowded, and yet it contains a vast amount of matter. The maps are most beautiful specimens of workmanship. They are full, and still distinct. I was especially struck with the great amount of physical geography presented in so small a space.

The book needs only to be seen to gain friends and admirers. Teachers and school directors will do well to examine this work before they recommend or adopt any work on this subject. It is so far superior to any similar work that I have seen that I not only cheerfully recommend it, but also intend to use it in my school as soon as I can.

From GEO. H. MOORE, *Principal of Grammar School No. 8, New York City.*

Harper's School Geography is the best work on this important subject extant. Combining physical and political geography, it presents both branches of the subject to the mind of the pupil in the clearest possible manner. The work of a master-hand is clearly shown in the preparation of this truly admirable work.

From J. M. CURRY, *County Superintendent, Johnson County, Iowa.*

I have critically examined Harper's Geography, and am free to say that I consider it the best geography I have yet examined.

From E. S. HOPKINS, *Superintendent of Schools, Jeffersonville, Ind.*

I have examined the Geography just issued by Harper & Brothers, and consider it one of the best books on the subject I have ever seen. For elegance of design, beauty of execution, clearness, and simplicity it stands unequalled.

From A. H. ABBOTT, *Principal of Abbott Family School, Little Blue, Farmington, Me.*

An examination of Harper's Geography has convinced me of its very great merit as a text-book, and I have introduced it at Little Blue to the exclusion of every other work of the kind.

From HORATIO ALGER, *Chairman of the School Committee, Natick, Mass.*

Harper's School Geography was adopted in the schools of Natick directly after its publication. It was selected after a careful examination of all the leading geographies in use, and our experience with it thus far has justified our choice. The topics treated in it seem to have been selected with reference to presenting the things most important to be known, excluding irrelevant and unimportant matter. The maps, I think, are excellent, and the plan of having separate physical and political maps is a valuable feature of the work. The maps of the divisions and subdivisions of the United States, the commercial and industrial map of the United States, and the map of the principal ocean trade-routes seem to me especially valuable. Another pleasant feature of the work is the map and geography of each State, prepared for the children of that State. If we may judge from that of Massachusetts, they are skilfully and judiciously prepared. The longer this Geography is used in our schools the better it is liked by teachers and scholars.

A catalogue and descriptive circulars of our school and college text-books will be mailed free to any teacher or school-officer on application. Correspondence regarding books for examination, terms of introduction, etc., is solicited.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,
Franklin Square, New York.

SCHEPPERS BROS'

BUNTING

For Ladies' Suits. Plain and Stripes.

This beautiful material is now offered in the CHOICEST SHADES at all the principal Dry Goods Stores. To judge from the present demand, this novelty of the season will be in vogue at all our watering places and other FASHIONABLE SUMMER RESORTS.

Without any gum or artificial stiffenings, as is the case with the expensive FOREIGN GRENADINES, this light, cool, and elastic texture will neither crease nor damage by RAIN OR SALT WATER.

This article does not only recommend itself by cheapness, but also by beauty and durability.

Lovely Suits are made from it, trimmed with fringes and ruches of the same material.

HARPER & BROTHERS' LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

I.

CAMP, COURT, AND SIEGE: A Narrative of Personal Adventure and Observation during Two Wars. 1861-1865.—1870-1871. By WICKHAM HOFFMAN, Assistant Adjutant-General, U. S. Vols., and Secretary U. S. Legation at Paris. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

II.

RECONCILIATION OF SCIENCE AND RELIGION. By ALEXANDER WINCHELL, LL.D., Author of "Sketches of Creation," "The Doctrine of Evolution," &c. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

III.

UNIVERSITY LIFE IN ANCIENT ATHENS. By W. W CAPES. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents.

IV.

ANNUAL RECORD OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY FOR 1876. Edited by Prof. SPENCER F. BAIRD, Assistant-Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, with the Assistance of Eminent Men of Science. Large 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

Uniform with the volumes of the *Annual Record of Science and Industry* for 1871, 1872, 1873, 1874, 1875.

V.

EPOCHS OF ENGLISH HISTORY. A Series of Books narrating the History of England at Successive Epochs. Edited by the Rev. M. CREIGHTON, M.A.

1. EARLY ENGLAND, up to the Norman Conquest. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents.
2. ENGLAND A CONTINENTAL POWER, from the Conquest to Magna Charta. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents.
3. RISE OF THE PEOPLE, and Growth of Parliament, from the Great Charter to the Accession of Henry VII. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents.
4. THE TUDORS AND THE REFORMATION. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents.
5. THE STRUGGLE AGAINST ABSOLUTE MONARCHY. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents.

VI.

SQUIER'S PERU. Peru: Incidents of Travel and Exploration in the Land of the Incas. By E. GEORGE SQUIER, M.A., F.S.A., late U. S. Commissioner to Peru, Author of "Nicaragua," "Ancient Monuments of Mississippi Valley," &c., &c. With Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $5 00.

VII.

SENECA'S MORAL ESSAYS. L. Annaeus Seneca. Treatises on Providence; on Tranquillity of Mind; on Shortness of Life; on Happy Life. Together with Select Epistles, Epigrammata, an Introduction, Copious Notes, and Scripture Parallelisms. By JOHN F. HURST, D.D., President of the Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J.; and HENRY C. WHITING, Ph.D., Professor of Ancient Languages in the Centenary Collegiate Institute, Hackettstown, N. J. 12mo, Cloth, $1 30. *Sent by mail on receipt of* $1 52.

THE NEW NOVELS

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

⁂ *These Novels are in Paper Covers, except where otherwise specified.*

Mar's White Witch. By G. DOUGLAS. 50 cents.

Juliet's Guardian. By Mrs. H. LOVETT CAMERON. With Illustrations. 50 cents.

Harper's Household Edition of Thackeray's Works. Complete in 11 vols., Illustrated, 12mo, Cloth, $1 50 per volume.

Novels: Vanity Fair.—Pendennis.—The Newcomes.—The Virginians.—Adventures of Philip.—Henry Esmond, and Lovel the Widower. Six volumes.

Miscellaneous Writings: Barry Lyndon, Hoggarty Diamond, &c.—Paris and Irish Sketch Books, &c.—Book of Snobs, Sketches, &c.—Four Georges, English Humorists, Roundabout Papers, &c.—Catherine, Christmas Books, &c. Five volumes.

Miss Nancy's Pilgrimage. By VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON. 50 cents.

Nora's Love Test. By MARY CECIL HAY. 50 cents.

When the Ship Comes Home. By WALTER BESANT and JAMES RICE. 25 cents.

Thompson Hall. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Illustrated. 20 cents.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send either of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price, except where otherwise specified.*

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE *mailed free on receipt of Ten Cents.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

$10 TO $25 a day sure made by Agents selling our Chromos, Crayons, Picture & Chromo Cards. 125 samples, worth $5, sent, postpaid, for 85c. Illustrated Catalogue free. J. H. BUFFORD'S SONS, BOSTON. Estab'd 1830.

$350 A MONTH.—Agents wanted. 36 Best selling articles in the world. One sample free. Address J. BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

MONEY. $5 to $20 a day to Agents, with Stencil and Key Check Outfits. Full particulars free. S. M. SPENCER, 112 Washington St., Boston.

STOWELL'S Famous Visiting Cards, 25 for 10c. postpaid. M. J. STOWELL, Troy, N.Y.

$55 TO $77 A Week to Agents. Samples FREE. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

W. B. Smith

ON A BUST AGAIN.

Vive-la —.

REGAL POMP AND REPUBLICAN SIMPLICITY.

A FRIENDLY VISIT.

V. R. "Is General Grant in, my dear?"

S. G. "I don't know, Mum; but if you'll send up your name I'll see."

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

This is a nation of enlightened freemen. Education is the corner-stone and foundation of our government. The people are free to think and act for themselves, and that they may act wisely it is necessary that they be well informed. Every individual gain increases public gain. Upon the health of the people is based the prosperity of a nation, by it every value is increased, every joy enhanced. Health is essential to the accomplishment of every purpose; while sickness thwarts the best intentions and loftiest aims. Unto us are committed important health trusts, which we hold not merely in our own behalf but for the benefit of others. In order that we may be able to discharge the obligation of our trusteeship, and thus prove worthy of our generous commission, it is necessary that we study the art of preserving health and prolonging life. It is of paramount importance to every person not only to understand the means for the preservation of health, but also to know what remedies should be employed for the alleviation of the common ailments of life. Not that we would advise every man under all circumstances to attempt to be his own physician, but we entreat him to acquire sufficient knowledge of his system and the laws that govern it, that he may be prepared to take care of himself properly, and thereby prevent sickness and prolong life. In no text-book will the people find the subjects of physiology and hygiene, or the science of life and the art of preserving health, more scientifically discussed or more plainly taught than in "The People's Common-Sense Medical Adviser," by R. V. Pierce, M.D., of Buffalo, N. Y. It is a volume of over nine hundred large pages, illustrated by over two hundred and eighty-two engravings and colored plates, is elegantly bound in cloth and gilt, and is sent, postpaid, to any address by the author at the low price of one dollar and fifty cents a copy. Nearly one hundred thousand copies have already been sold, and the present edition, which is revised and enlarged and more especially adapted to the wants of the family, is selling very rapidly. It treats of all the common diseases and their remedies, as well as of anatomy, physiology, hygiene, human temperaments, and many other topics of great interest to all people, and is truly what its author styles it, "Medicine Simplified."

Reduced Prices of Base Ball Supplies

Enclose stamp for the *ATHLETE'S JOURNAL*, giving prices of all goods.

Our New Treble Ball, boxed, by mail, $1 50.

PECK & SNYDER, 124 Nassau St., N.Y.

UNION ADAMS

Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Drawers

Made to Order in a Superior Style.

847 BROADWAY.

A GREAT OFFER!! We will during these Hard Times dispose *of* 100 PIANOS & ORGANS, new and second-hand, *of* first-class makers, including WATERS', at lower prices for cash *or* Installments than ever before offered. WATERS' GRAND SQUARE and UPRIGHT PIANOS & ORGANS are the BEST MADE. Great inducements *to the* Trade. LOCAL and TRAVELING AGENTS WANTED. Illustrated Catalogues Mailed. A liberal discount *to Teachers, Ministers, Churches, Lodges, &c.* Sheet music at half price. HORACE WATERS & SONS, Manufacturers and Dealers, 40 East 14th St., N. Y.

DICK'S TASTELESS MEDICINES. For Sale by all Druggists.

TIFFANY & CO.'S Hard Metal Plated Ware is silver soldered in every joint, and superior to any heretofore made.

It is more economical than ordinary plated-ware, being absolutely indestructible by family, hotel, club, or restaurant use. Their Forks and Spoons are different from all others.

SPY GLASSES and Telescopes, all kinds and prices. Lenses for making same, with full directions for mounting. Illustrated, priced Circular free. McALLISTER, Man'f'g Optician, 49 Nassau St., N.Y.

50 PER CENT. SAVED BY USING HIGGINS' German Laundry Soap.

NO MORE GRAY HAIR.

L. SHAW'S ODORLESS

PERSIAN KHENNA

is the only reliable harmless hair dye. No Lac Sulphur, Sugar of Lead, or Nitrate of Silver. Endorsed by our most eminent chemists. Testimonials can be seen at our store. Applied free of charge. $1 00, and $1 50 per bottle. Hair Dyed on the premises, either a beautiful blonde or a medium or dark brown, in one hour's time. Warranted to give satisfaction. Address 54 West 14th St., N. Y., near Macy's.

A Safe, Sure and Cheap Destroyer of the POTATO BUG, CABBAGE and other Insects is POISON. CURRANT WORMS OUR PEST

TRADE MARK.

Unlike PARIS GREEN it dissolves in water, and is sprinkled. Sure death. No danger to plants, or in using. Costs 25 cents an acre. Sample mailed for 30 cents (1-4 lb. box.) Send for Circular with hundreds of testimonials. Discount to the trade. KEARNEY CHEMICAL WORKS, P. O. Box 3139. 66 Cortlandt St., New York City.

Doulton Faience & Stoneware.

HAVILAND FAIENCE.

Some choice pieces, selected by Mr. Collamore, now on exhibition.

DAVIS COLLAMORE & CO., 747 BROADWAY.

H. W. JOHNS' PATENT. ASBESTOS MATERIALS.

Paints, Roofing, Steam Pipe and **Boiler Coverings, Steam Packing,** *Sheathings, Fire, Acid,* and *Water-proof Coatings, Cements, &c.* Send for Samples, Illustrated Catalogues, Price-Lists, &c.

H. W. JOHNS MFG. CO.,

87 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK.

FISHERMEN!

TWINES AND NETTING,

MANUFACTURED BY

WM. E. HOOPER & SONS, Baltimore, Md.

☞ Send for Price-List, naming your County and State.

KINGSFORD'S

Oswego Starch

Is the **BEST** and **MOST ECONOMICAL** in the World.

MARVIN'S FIRE & BURGLAR SAFES

COUNTER PLATFORM WAGON & TRACK

SCALES

MARVIN SAFE & SCALE CO. 265 BROADWAY. N.Y.

The Chickering PIANO,

The Victor in all great contests, and for **THE PAST 53 YEARS** the **ACKNOWLEDGED STANDARD** OF THE **WORLD,** *will be offered during the present condition of trade, at*

Greatly Reduced Prices.

A written guarantee for Five Years given with every Piano.

Chickering & Sons,

CHICKERING HALL,

5th Avenue, Cor. 18th St., N. Y.

Jos. Gillott

STEEL PENS.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

91 JOHN ST., N. Y. JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS.

PRACTICAL COOKING AND DINNER GIVING.

Practical Cooking and Dinner Giving. A Treatise containing Practical Instructions in Cooking; in the Combination and Serving of Dishes; and in the Fashionable Modes of Entertaining at Breakfast, Lunch, and Dinner. By Mrs. Mary F. Henderson. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

Contains every thing that even the most rigidly exacting of eaters could ask his cook to know; and which is, therefore, just the volume to be used by persons who have to do their own cooking. * * * Is something more than a volume on cookery, important though cookery is, and ever must be. Not only is it a work for those who eat to live, but it has the highest claims on those who live to eat, a smaller but wise class, and possessed of immense influence. There is nothing neglected, but every thing is done that can be required of the fullest professional and professorial skill, and well done, too—done to a turn. These pages fortify the intelligent mind, and enlighten the mind that is ignorant.—*Boston Traveller.*

Mrs. Mary F. Henderson is another example of a woman of intellect and culture who has a just appreciation of the exalted office and opportunities of the housekeeper. * * * The recipes and directions are a valuable offering to American women. They treat the culinary art as a high art, and make it seem what it is, the most seemly and desirable accomplishment a woman can possess. They teach those who have not had instruction in the school of experience how to concoct a multitude of delicate and savory dishes for breakfast, lunch, and dinner; the modes of serving them in the prettiest and most inviting fashion; and how to manage the entire etiquette of the table in accordance with the usages of polite society. The recipes are choice and trustworthy, and the book, as a whole, is a treasure which every housekeeper desiring to increase her knowledge and skill should hasten to possess.—*Chicago Tribune.*

No work at all comparable with this has been published since Francatelli's famous treatise.—*Cincinnati Times.*

It tells how to serve dishes as well as how to cook them, and gives many useful instructions concerning the art of entertaining, some of which will help housekeepers to avoid serving what Lamb called "roast lady" with their dinners. The recipes are not too many, and a skilled housewife has found all of them good.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

We can not go so far as a critical contemporary who assigns Mrs. Henderson a place by the side of Moses and St. Paul, but we are sure that many will find in her instructive volume a new revelation of household arts and social observances which will contribute to the comfort and refinement of the family, and thus to the "peace and dignity of the commonwealth."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

It makes, probably, one of the completest books of its kind that have been published. If good housewives are to be educated, at least in theory, this work will make a tip-top text-book.—*Chicago Post.*

Mrs. Henderson has done us a good service in that she has essayed to tell us how with a moderate expenditure we can make the dinner table attractive.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Not only gives practical insight into cooking and preparing, but, what is also very essential, the proper method of serving dishes, and how to entertain a company at a dinner, a breakfast, or a tea-drinking.—*Commercial Bulletin*, Boston.

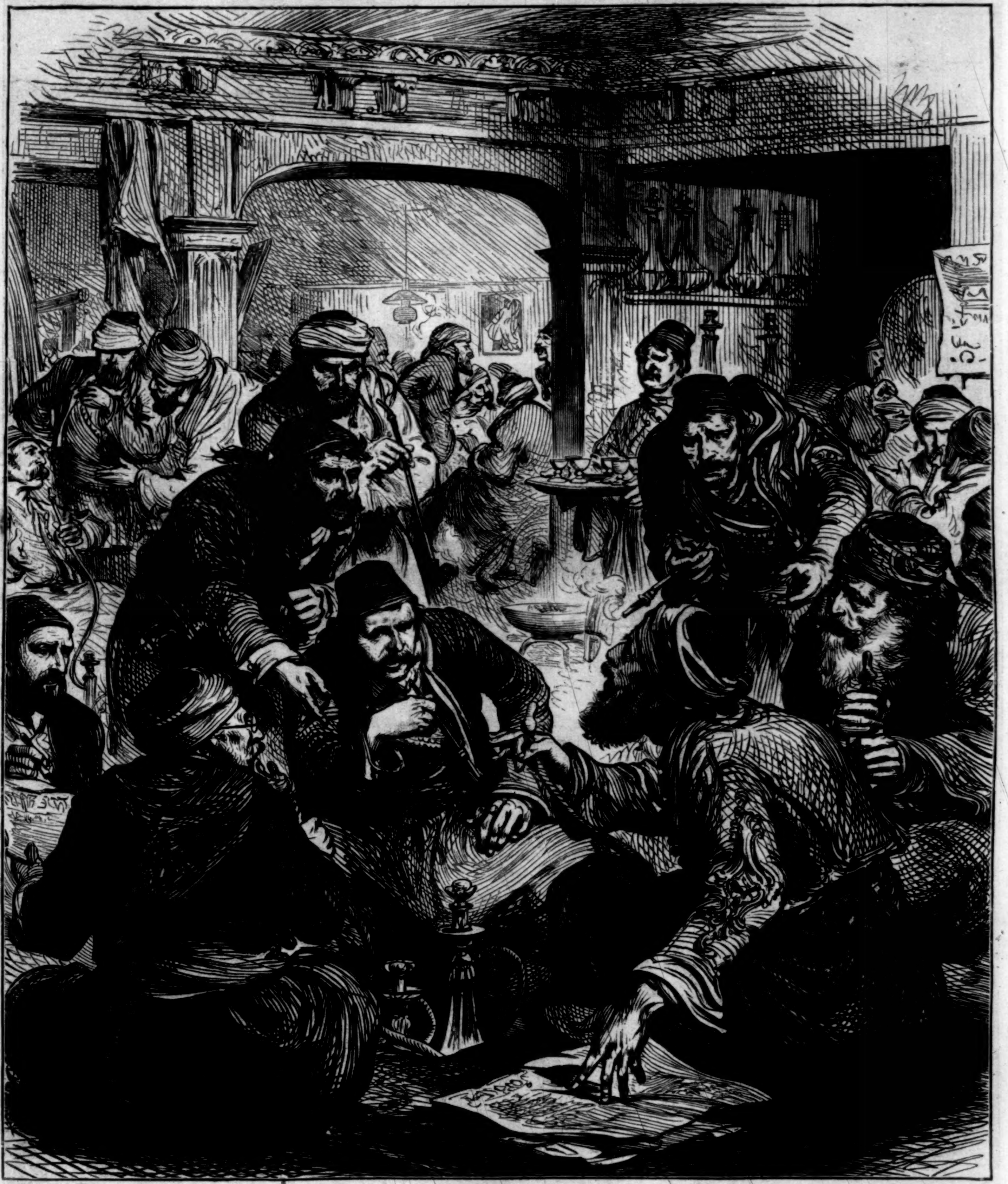
Mrs. Henderson's book is an uncommonly interesting and sensible one. * * * Her teachings are also adapted for housekeepers with moderate means, and those who give themselves up to her guidance will live well, comfortably, and elegantly.—*Providence Journal.*

Mrs. Henderson is a public benefactor, and we wish that a copy of her book could be placed in every household.—*Evening Times*, Albany.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send the above work by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.*

WAR NEWS IN A CAFÉ AT CONSTANTINOPLE.



DISCUSSING WAR NEWS IN A CAFÉ AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE engraving on this page will give our readers a fair idea of how war news is discussed among the wiseacres of Constantinople. It is by no means a habit among the Turks, as in more northern nations, to live upon excitement and watch eagerly for the latest intelligence of any new sensation, so that they may have something new and startling to communicate to a friend or neighbor. They are a solemn and imperturbable race of men, and although fierce warriors when once in the field, in ordinary life they preserve a quiet and impassible demeanor, no matter what may be going on around them. What is to be said is usually brought out in grave oracular utterances between puffs of tobacco smoke, and their universal reliance upon *Kismet*, or fate, prevents their taking an undue interest in any event that does not concern themselves.

Tobacco is the great solace of the Turk's existence. Smoking is his main occupation, and he devotes himself to it with an industry and perseverance that, applied in a more worthy direction, would be productive of great results. The cafés are the great places of rendezvous, and here every arrangement is made for the comfort and convenience of these inveterate pursuers of a bad habit. Not that they are furnished with any thing of Oriental magnificence, however. Indeed, the cafés of Constantinople seem rather to be marked by the plainness of their fittings. One looks in vain for the arches, the columns, the mirrors, and all the luxury of color that illuminate a similar place of entertainment in Paris. But so far as positive ease and indulgence are concerned, every preparation is made to pamper the tastes of their habitués. Low divans are arranged along the wall of the rooms, the floor is covered with a light straw matting, cool fountains plash in the centre of each apartment, and doors and windows are so arranged as to admit a constant supply of fresh air to relieve the smoke-impregnated atmosphere. Coffee is served from dainty cups of porcelain to every visitor as he enters the place, while a numerous supply of pipes of all sizes and shapes is temptingly displayed on shelves and side-tables.

The favorite smoking apparatus of the Turk is the nargileh. This is preferable to the chibouque, if for no other reason than that it can be managed in something less than a circle of five feet, which is the space that should be allowed for the manipulation of that exaggerated pipe. The nargileh may be described as a globular bottle, upon the summit of which the tobacco burns in a little cup, lit by small pieces of charcoal. The smoke reaches the mouth by means of a long tube, having first passed through the water, which it soon tinges to the color of lemonade. Miles of this tubing, red, green, blue, and crimson, are made annually in Constantinople. A Roman alderman is said to have once wished that he had a throat three miles long. The Turk, not content with wishing, has invented the nargileh, by which he extracts the largest amount of pleasure possible out of the smallest allowance of tobacco. Placidly seated on his couch with the coils of tubing wound round his arm, he listens to the musical bubble and gurgle that sound from the bottle at his feet, and draws each puff with serene contentment, satisfied that he has carried the art of smoking to its highest perfection.

Throughout Turkey they bestow the greatest care upon, and strain to the utmost point of luxury all that concerns, the pipe. The shops of the sellers of mouth-pieces and stems of pipes are very numerous and well appointed, and they vie with the cafés as a lounging-place for the male inhabitants of every town. The most valued pipe stems are those of cherry wood or jasmine, and they command a price in proportion to their size, straightness, and fine quality. A stem of cherry with its bark unbroken, or a shoot of jasmine upon which the knots are regularly distributed and of a bright color, will command a sum in the neighborhood of twenty-five dollars. As to the amber mouth-pieces, they form a trade of their own, which in Constantinople approaches in importance to that of jewelry, so great is the value of the material and the expense incurred in working it. The amber comes chiefly from the Baltic, on the shore of which it is found more abundantly than any where else. In Constantinople, where it is very dear, the Turks prefer it of a pale lemon-color, partly opaque, and desire that it should have neither spot, flaw, nor vein—a combination difficult to obtain, and which greatly enhances the value of the mouth-pieces. A perfect pair of these will sometimes command a price equal to $250.

According to THÉOPHILE GAUTIER, who has written much and learnedly upon Constantinople, a collection of pipes worth 150,000 francs ($30,000) is not at all an unusual thing among the high dignitaries or the more wealthy private individuals of Istamboul. The precious amber mouth-pieces are encircled with rings of gold, enameled, and often enriched with diamonds or rubies. This is, in fact, an Oriental mode of displaying the possession of wealth.

BAY OF VARNA, IN THE BLACK SEA.

ON the following page we give a view of Cape Kalagria, a rocky promontory overlooking the Bay of Varna, in the Black Sea. The city of Varna is an important fortified sea-port of Bulgaria, situated on the northern side of this bay, and about 180 miles to the northwest of Constantinople. The town itself stands on a sand bank, and the surrounding wall, which in some places rises twenty to thirty feet above the tide, is in others only on a level with high water. It is crooked, irregular, dirty, and dilapidated, and, as viewed from the sea, presents a huge jumble of red-tiled houses interspersed here and there with mosques and minarets. In time of war, however, its position renders it likely to be of importance, and the defenses toward the sea are mounted with heavy cannon. The harbor is exposed to the south and southeast winds; but in spite of the roadstead being dangerous, considerable commerce is carried on between this and other

CAPE KALAGRIA, BAY OF VARNA, BLACK SEA.

ports. The Black Sea is undoubtedly one of the most important bodies of water in the Old World, having been from the earliest times the great pathway of commerce between Europe and Asia. In the time of XERXES, large quantities of corn were exported from its ports to Athens and the Peloponnesus, and under the Romans it was also the scene of a most flourishing trade. After the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, the idea first occurred to that exclusive nation of making it a sort of private lake, and their jealousy of other powers went so far as to deny admission not only to ships of war, but to the merchant flags of every other country. By the treaty of Kinarji, 1774, the Russians obtained the right to trade upon it; but instead of pursuing the liberal policy they enforced upon the Porte, they seemed rather to desire to emulate that power in monopolizing the commercial privileges of the Black Sea, and thus, after three-quarters of a century, brought down upon themselves the wrath of France and England, which culminated in the horrors of the Crimean War.

The area of the Black Sea is about 172,000 square miles. In shape it bears a certain resemblance to the human foot. Its greatest length from east to west is about 700 miles, and its greatest breadth, near the west end, about 380 miles. At the southwestern extremity it communicates, by way of the Bosporus, the Sea of Marmora, and the Dardanelles, with the Mediterranean, and at the northeast with the Sea of Azov, by way of the Straits of Yenikale. The Black Sea drains nearly one-fourth of the surface of Europe, and also about 100,000 square miles of Asia. Throughout its whole extent it has but one island, and that a small one, called Adassi, or the Isle of Serpents. This bit of land lies opposite the mouths of the Danube, and is marked by a brilliant light-house. In the centre of the Black Sea there are no soundings at 150 fathoms, nor are there shoals along the shores, except at the entrance of the Bosporus. The navigation ought, therefore, to be particularly easy and safe. It is so in summer, but in winter this small body of water, being inclosed on every side, becomes the scene of conflicting winds and of storms, which, though of short duration, are terrible while they last. On the 14th of November, 1854, one of these terrible hurricanes occurred. Forty vessels belonging to the allies were either totally wrecked or seriously injured, 1000 lives were lost, and the value of property destroyed was estimated at several millions of dollars.

The ancients believed that the Black Sea was at one time much more extensive, and that it had

HUDSON BAY SKETCHES.

no connection with the Mediterranean. They accounted for its diminution in size and its communication with the larger sea by the supposition that the Thracian Bosporus had been burst through by an earthquake, or by the great flood known as the Deucalion deluge, which inundated Greece. Certain geological and other appearances have led some modern geographers to entertain an opinion similar to that of the old Greeks, but the large majority appear to regard such a theory as improbable, if not entirely unsupported.

HUDSON BAY SKETCHES.

THE above series of sketches gives a view of life among the hardy settlers in the region of Hudson Bay. Led thither by the prospect of securing a livelihood, if not a competency, through the fur trade, the emigrants to this inhospitable part of our continent find themselves compelled to encounter such hardships and difficulties that after a short experience they usually take wing for the South. There are few, if any, instances of families remaining for any length of time, and if it were not for the trading interests, it is likely that these cold and dreary wastes of the North would soon be left to the aborigines.

Perhaps the greatest annoyances to which settlers in this part of the world are exposed come from the Indians. Between their thieving propensities and the suspicion and jealousy with which they regard the whites, the latter are kept in constant dread lest by some oversight or supposed insult to their copper-colored neighbors they may be made to pay with the loss of their property, if not their lives. Another manner in which an unoffending white settler may be sacrificed is through the stupid superstitions of the red-skins, who believe that all physical ailments, and also death, are the result of some secret machinations on the part of an enemy. If the victim of the supposed incantation be a man of distinction in his tribe, the friends of the deceased usually pitch upon the last stranger—generally a white man—with whom he has been in contact. Nothing but the blood of this individual will satisfy their thirst for revenge, and in this way several of the employés of the Hudson Bay Company have been known to lose their lives.

The central sketch shows the method of transporting stores in the extreme regions of the North. The dogs are the only beasts of burden, and the vehicles which they draw are adapted to the snow fields over which they must travel. A dog sled is a simple contrivance of two thin oak or birch wood boards lashed together and turned up in front like a Norwegian snow-shoe. When very lightly loaded, it runs over hard snow or ice with great ease. Its length is about nine feet, and its breadth sixteen inches. Along the outer edge runs a leather lashing, through the loops of which a long leather line is passed to hold in its place whatever may be placed upon it. To the front of the sled long leather traces are attached. The dogs, usually four in number, stand in tandem fashion, one before the other, the best dog being placed in front. This animal is called the "foregoer." The next best dog is placed in the rear,